

# LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 296.—Vol. XII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE proceedings in Parliament during the past week have been of an unusually heterogeneous character ; and we can only touch here upon a few of the more prominent topics of discussion. The House of Lords cannot be said to have been entirely inactive, inasmuch as it has read the Cattle-plague Bill a second time, and devolved the duty of considering its provisions upon a Select Committee. A question from Lord Lifford has also elicited the fact that the Government has nothing that deserves to be called an Irish policy, and has provoked from Earl Grey a notice of motion which will bring under comprehensive review the condition of the sister country and the remedial measures—if there be any—which are likely to convert it from a discontented dependency into a loyal and well-affected portion of the Empire. In the House of Commons a conversation on the ineffective character of our Neutrality Laws drew from the Attorney-General an eloquent and masterly review of our policy during the American civil war. The learned gentleman had no difficulty in showing that we had fully discharged our international duties towards the Federal States ; that the laws of the United States against enlistment in, or the equipment of ships for, the service of a belligerent are not more stringent than our own ; that, comparing our conduct during the late contest with that of the Government of Washington when the South American republics were at war with Spain and Portugal, we had been able to effect much more than those who so loudly complain of our apathy and inertness in the practical maintenance of neutrality ; and that we always have been, and are now, willing to consider with President Johnson and his Cabinet the best means of removing any defects which may exist in the legislation of both countries upon this important and delicate subject. On a subsequent evening Mr. White moved two resolutions affirming the necessity of increased economy in the public expenditure. It was easy for him to prove that we spent far more than we did before the Crimean war, and he readily convicted Mr. Gladstone of conniving at an outlay which in various speeches he has denounced as extravagant and unnecessary. But Mr. Laing pointed out that nine-tenths of our increased expenditure was due to the Army and Navy Estimates ; and that this augmentation was mainly caused by the political events of the last few years having dispelled the feeling of security which Europe had previously enjoyed, and having introduced a period of alarm and political tension which is as yet far from at an end. In the same period the progress of science and invention had rendered necessary the reconstruction of our armaments both by sea and land ; while the rapid development of commerce

had greatly raised the rate of wages and the price of raw materials. There can be no doubt that great weight is due to these considerations, but they will hardly suffice to convince any one acquainted with the working of our public departments that we get value for the money which is yearly wrung from us by taxation ; still less will the Chancellor of the Exchequer's elaborate panegyric upon the career and achievements of the late Joseph Hume satisfy those who have paid even a cursory attention to the proceedings of a Committee of Supply, that the members of the House of Commons have at present any effective control over the public purse. It is not easy to devise a remedy for the faults of a system which has grown up with our institutions, and has become part of our political life ; but there is no doubt that the estimates are now practically exempt from any useful criticism, and that the executive Government regulates very much as it pleases the expenditure of the country. Whether it is desirable that the administration should be invested with this power, subject to a very vague and uncertain responsibility to the representatives of the people, may be a question open to discussion ; but it is as well that there should be no mistake about the fact. The way is at any rate thus opened for a more serious consideration than has yet been given to the appointment of a Committee of Finance, whose duty it should be to examine minutely the demands of different public departments. The naval estimates have been laid before Parliament by Lord Clarence Paget in a speech replete with his usual adroitness and plausibility. He was not able to congratulate the House upon any reduction of expenditure, but he argued, with entire satisfaction to himself, that the outlay for the present year was rendered necessary by the construction of docks to receive our enormous iron-clads. In the opinion of many competent authorities, these iron-clads are, however, an elaborate mistake. Mr. Samuda, the eminent shipbuilder, and other members contended strenuously and with great force of argument that we need not build huge vessels like the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt* if the Admiralty would give Capt. Coles's turret-ships a fair trial, and that our new docks are only rendered requisite by the Duke of Somerset's obstinate adherence to a faulty system of construction. We concur to a great extent in this view, but we have little hope of seeing it prevail in the House of Commons. The different votes will no doubt give rise to many animated and interesting discussions, but the money will in the end be voted, and the country will be committed to works which, when once begun, must be finished. The new Reform Bill will be introduced on the 12th inst.

The debates on the Address in the Corps Législatif of France have afforded M. Thiers another opportunity of protesting against the oppressive régime which weighs upon



his country. He reminded his hearers of the Emperor's repeated promises that liberty should one day crown the edifice, and pointed out how completely those promises had been broken. He had little difficulty in showing that it is idle to talk of freedom in a country where the citizen has no security against arbitrary arrest, and no right to express his opinion through the press; where the Government interferes in every election; and where the Chief of the State and his Ministers are exempt from any practical responsibility to the representatives of the people. No one in England will withhold sympathy from the appeal which he founded on these unquestionable facts. But we cannot equally agree with M. Thiers in many of his other remarks. It is impossible to read without amusement his laborious attempt to prove that France rather than England is the parent of constitutional government; nor can we help thinking that our neighbours would be more likely to attain practical freedom if they would seek for it on a less speculative foundation than the "glorious principles of 1789." But this is, in a great degree, a matter of taste. It is more important to observe, that M. Thiers is, on many points, far less liberal than the Emperor whom he denounces. He still sighs for protection; he regards Italian Unity with suspicion; he would commit France to the unconditional maintenance of the temporal power. These are the antiquated ideas of a by-gone school of statesmen; and the fact of Napoleon's rule being attacked on the very points upon which it is most susceptible of defence tends very materially to strengthen its hold upon that large class who think more of the ends to which government is directed than of the means by which it attains them.

The relations between Austria and Prussia are evidently becoming very critical. Count von Bismarck has committed himself to the early annexation of the Duchies; while the Cabinet of Vienna firmly refuses to surrender its position in the provinces conquered from Denmark. Francis Joseph has endured a great deal of mortification at the hands of his imperious ally during the last few years, but he is not prepared to undergo the disgrace of selling for a pecuniary consideration his rights over a territory acquired in the name of Germany. He does not seek any aggrandizement for Austria, but he insists that the Diet shall have a voice in the fate of the Duchies, and avows a desire for their formation into an independent Principality under the Duke of Augustenburg. Within the last few days General Gablenz, the Austrian commander in Holstein, has taken a step which clearly defines the policy of his Government, by recognising the constitution of 1854 as the proper basis for the political organization of the Duchies, and by admitting in their full extent the obligations thereby imposed upon the Emperor of Austria. It is difficult to see how a collision can be avoided, unless the Prussian Premier submits to a check, or unless the Austrian Government renounces once for all its influence in Germany. The former event is very unlikely, and we can scarcely believe that the latter is probable. There must be some limit to the endurance of a Power like Austria; and, therefore, however disagreeable the prospect may be, we cannot help entertaining serious apprehensions for the peace of Europe.

M. von Deak has lately delivered in the Hungarian Diet a speech which has attracted considerable attention. Notwithstanding its unquestionable ability, we cannot, however, discover that it throws any real light upon the ultimate policy of the Magyar leaders. The only point which it makes clear is their determination to obtain a full and complete recognition of their national independence before they discuss the terms on which they will unite with the rest of the empire. In other words, they insist upon receiving all, before they will promise to give back anything. They are ready enough to avow an abstract desire for some sort of shadowy "unity of the empire;" but they will not even sketch in outline what kind of unity they mean. With professions of unbounded loyalty on their lips, their acts are full of suspicion. We must confess that we see this with some regret. It may be justified by a reference to the past; but it is a policy of questionable expediency in regard to the future. The interests of Hungary are as deeply concerned as those of Austria in a mutual good understanding; and we do not think that this is likely to be promoted by a course which places the latter country and the Emperor at an obvious disadvantage.

A bloodless revolution has overthrown the *quasi* throne of Prince Couza, the hospodar of Wallachia and Moldavia.

In spite of his sedulous efforts to conciliate a pampered army, and to secure the support of the peasants by the spoliation of the nobles, he seems to have been literally without a friend. All classes were thoroughly disgusted by the corruption which marked his rule; by the arbitrary mode in which he used the powers he had acquired by a *coup d'état*; and by the general ruin which his ill-advised measures had brought on the country. We have no doubt they had very good reason for what they have done, and that would be all we need say if a revolution in these Principalities did not revive that terrible Eastern question that we hoped was set at rest, for some time at least, by the Crimean war. Diplomats are already actively at work, and rumour is busily attributing to two or three Powers designs of a more or less questionable character. We do not, however, suppose that any serious difficulty will arise. Neither France nor Russia are inclined for war; while no other Powers either have, or fancy they have, any selfish interest at stake in these provinces. Under these circumstances there is every reason to anticipate that a conference or congress will easily make the requisite arrangements for their Government in conformity with the wishes of the inhabitants, the rights of the Porte, and the terms of the Treaty of Paris.

Mr. Johnson has followed up the declaration against negro suffrage to which we adverted last week by a still more significant declaration of his policy in regard to the Southern States. In reply to a deputation from the Legislature of Virginia, he said that he regarded the Southern States as in the Union, and entitled to all their rights in it; that he believed the greater number of Southern Members now asking for admission to be loyal; that they ought to be admitted to Congress, and that he would use all his influence to have them admitted. It would have been impossible for him to join issue more explicitly with the Radical party on all the points which are under the consideration of Congress. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Stevens do not always agree, but they both strictly maintain that the late Confederate States have fallen back into the condition of mere territories; that it belongs to Congress to deal as it likes with a large portion of their lands, and with the whole of their political institutions; and that Congress should exercise the power for the benefit of the Blacks and the depression—we might say the oppression—of the Whites. Such a policy we believe to be alike unjust and unpopular with the great mass of the people. And we are, therefore, not surprised to find that vigorous efforts are being made to combine the remnants of the old Democratic party with the more moderate Republicans in a new "Johnson party." The elections to Congress, which take place in the autumn, will no doubt be the occasion of a severe struggle; nor is it difficult to over-estimate the importance that will attach to them. For on their result it will depend whether the late Confederate States shall be reconciled to the Union, and once more contribute to its strength and prosperity, or shall be compelled to submit reluctantly and resentfully to a Government against which they may not rebel, but which they will not support.

#### THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE discursive eloquence of Lord Lifford, in the House of Lords, on Monday evening, with such aid as was afforded by his countrymen, the Marquis of Clanricarde and Lord Dunsany, did not throw much light upon the perplexing obscurities of the Irish question, or offer a practical solution of any of its difficulties. It is a remarkable thing that a Tory peer should suggest a partial appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church to educational purposes, but, while the fact shows that there are really no serious obstacles arising from the constitution of any political party which would hinder the settlement of the Irish Church question on a large and comprehensive basis, it is the more to be deplored that no course is recommended that would be of any practical utility. It would be desirable, perhaps, as Lord Lifford urges, that the Irish priesthood should receive at least a part of their support from the State; but while they persistently declare their settled purpose to reject any provision of the kind, it would be a waste of the public time to discuss the matter any further. Lord Dunsany, it is true, quotes a humorous remark of some Roman Catholic prelate, who said that, if a priest found a quantity of sovereigns on his parlour floor, "it isn't much moss that would grow



on them" before he picked them up. Parliament, however, is not in the habit of voting grants of the public money for an indiscriminate distribution of the kind, and no Irish priest is likely to find an emissary of the Exchequer scattering sovereigns broadcast in his path, until the conditions of payment have first been authoritatively arranged and positively determined. At any rate, the Government do not propose to do anything in the matter. Earl Russell's historical recollections supply him with copious arguments in favour of a do-nothing policy. He was modest enough (ignoring the initiative taken by Sir Robert Peel) to claim for one of his own law officers, the present Master of the Rolls, all the credit of the Encumbered Estates Act. He gave expression to some feeble sort of velleity to restrict the power of eviction exercised so unscrupulously and cruelly by many Irish landlords. He added, what is perfectly true, that many of their so-called improvements, whereby large tracts of country, reclaimed by the laborious spade-husbandry of their occupants from a state of desert wildness, were cleared of their human inhabitants to make room for cattle or sheep, turned out to be no improvements at all, and that the land so treated speedily relapsed into its original barrenness. Many Irish proprietors, we believe, have discovered, when too late, that the peasant, whom they swept off the face of the earth, was a useful rent-paying machine; that he bore a large measure of the taxation which now falls entirely on the lord of the soil; that the cattle and sheep which replaced him are often affected by diseases of which large numbers of them die; and that, on the whole, humanity would have brought in a better return than selfishness, even in this life.

It is gratifying to find that the Bright medal for statesmanship, which Mr. Gladstone has not the leisure and Mr. Disraeli has not the courage to compete for, has excited a spirit of noble emulation in the breast of Earl Grey. Not content with the policy of Government, which is simply one of coercion, Lord Grey believes that the time has come when the Irish question must be resolutely faced, and when some large remedial and ameliorative measures of legislation must be speedily adopted. He has given notice of his intention to submit his views to the House of Lords on the 8th inst., and there can be no doubt of the anxiety with which not only that assembly, but the whole country, waits to hear what propositions he has to offer. Lord Grey's administration of the Colonies was rather unsuccessful, and when he was in office his colleagues in the Cabinet found him too impracticable; but he is a man of great ability, and being connected on the mother's side with one of the best and most popular of the old Anglo-Irish families, he will probably bring to the consideration of the subject some sympathies without which no theoretical treatment of the question is likely to make any impression on the public mind of Ireland. With the prospect, also, of another change of Ministry, and the chaotic state in which the general business of the country is left under such unparalleled circumstances, it is the more incumbent on any man of courage and public spirit to speak his mind freely, and if his counsels are such as commend themselves to the general sense of the country, to show clearly to Parliament and to the Government, from whatever party it may be chosen, the path they ought to follow. It is not for us to recommend to Lord Grey the points to which his attention ought to be more specially directed. We almost fear that the wisest and best intended measures may now fail of success. It is certain, at least, that they cannot be tried under as favourable circumstances now as if they had been attempted a little earlier. We must bear in mind that Ireland is practically as near America to-day as she was to London at the beginning of this century; and if we cannot contrive without loss of time to make the Union a reality, America must continue to be an element, and an always enlarging element, of disunion.

We look upon it as a matter of the first necessity to strengthen the Irish Executive. The Minister responsible for the government of Ireland ought certainly to have a seat in the Cabinet, and ought, further, to belong to the very highest class of our statesmen. "Shave-beggars" will not do. The latest example of that kind has had too terrible results. Nor will it do to say that the Home Secretary is, in fact, such a Minister as we require. The Cattle Plague has almost killed Sir George Grey, and certainly the suppression of Fenianism would be too much for him or any other man to undertake in addition. There is plenty of work at all times, nearer home, to give the Secretary of State more than enough to do. But it is said that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland would object to an arrangement which would make the Chief Secretary, who is nominally his subordinate, really his master. This could not be the case, however, if the person chosen for the office of

Lord-Lieutenant were of such a rank that the Cabinet itself would respect his authority, and the country be beneficially affected by his influence. Still less could it be the case if the position, no matter on whom conferred, were held permanently,—if the Lord-Lieutenant, representing the Sovereign and not a party in the State, were to hold his office during her Majesty's pleasure. The position of the Chief Secretary would, of course, be different, and he would come in and go out with the Ministry of the day. It is matter of history that at one time, in the early part of this century, when the state of Ireland was alarming (though less alarming than it is now), the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., proposed to go over himself as viceroy, with Lord Moira as his chief secretary. It was considered by those who have made a record of the fact, that such a step would have done great good. It was not taken, however, at that time; but something similar, we think, might now be done, with a hope of satisfactory results. There are grave reasons why it would be inexpedient to press such a course upon his Royal Highness the present Prince of Wales. If Prince Alfred were married, he might fairly be asked to try it. It would bring out the hereditary Coburg capacity for statesmanship, and enable him to develop in an important field of duty those qualities which he will hereafter doubtless exhibit in a more dignified, though perhaps less difficult and responsible position. It is understood that Prince Christian of Holstein is to become, after his marriage with the Princess Helena, to all intents and purposes an Englishman. He would probably make a very good Irish Viceroy, and the Court, presided over by a daughter of the Queen, would be a far more brilliant affair than it is at present. But if her Majesty requires the constant society of this royal pair, as a solace in her undying grief, this proposition could not be entertained. There remain, however, two near kinsmen of the Queen, who are officers in her Majesty's service, who are Englishmen by adoption, and whose characters entitle them to every respect. If either the Prince of Leiningen or Count Gleichen (who has proved himself to be most a Prince in dropping a title which his wife could not be allowed to share) could be prevailed upon to accept the Viceroyalty of Ireland, some help would be given in the solution of a knotty question. The Irish Court would be something of a reality, and the Irish nobility would have some inducement to spend more frequently in their own country those months of the year in which they now resort to the German spas.

The great value of the suggestion we have been making is, that it could be carried out immediately, and without much or any legislation. We ventured to predict some weeks ago that the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, with the help of his distinguished wife, would exercise a beneficial influence on Irish society. We were right. In the few weeks which Lady Waldegrave has spent in the Phoenix Park, she has done wonders in breaking down the barriers which long years of prejudice and bigotry had raised to hinder the social intercourse of even the better classes in Ireland. We will not stop to inquire why an example so honourable was not set by the Castle rather than by the Chief Secretary's Lodge; but if a Countess could do so much, might not a Princess do much more? Whatever we may do with the ignorant and unreasoning multitude, it is our policy and our duty to attach to us still more the classes that remain loyal, and to give to that sentiment a depth and a foundation which it has not at present. Social reforms are often more effective than legislative experiments, and bring that about indirectly which legislation, working no matter how persistently, may not insure. We think the reform we recommend is worth a trial.

#### THE POSITION OF THE MINISTRY.

A GREAT excitement thrilled through the town on Wednesday morning. The *Times* announced that Earl Russell had resigned, or at least was on the point of resigning. Towards evening it was discovered that Earl Russell had not resigned, and never had thought of resigning, but only that Mr. Lowe had wished he would. A chattering starling had been gossiping overnight at the House, and next morning three black crows sailed solemnly forth from Printing House-square. It would be a curious inquiry how much of the tale was compounded of credulity, how much of malice, and how much of trick. There had undoubtedly been rumours, but a leading organ is not usually expected to comment on rumours, as if it knew them to be realities. There was doubtless every wish to damage, but attempts at damage are apt to resemble the unskilful use of the boomerang. There was probably a wish to anticipate everybody else in news, but it is awkward to attain



that result by inventing the news. After all, the explanation is most likely to be found in the proverb, "The wish was father to the thought." What a certain anti-reform, ex-liberal, long-suffering (at least in the sense of biding his time) late Minister desired, the *Times* too easily believed. It thought there must be some fire where there was so much smoke, and that it could evoke a blaze by giving the smouldering embers an energetic poke. The ingenuous and benevolent effort had only the result of proving the absence of combustion, and blackening the poker. So next day the poker was taken out, and credit was claimed at once for the candour which confessed an error, and for the divination which had pointed out a possibility that was really, in all the circumstances, so exceedingly probable!

But what shall we say of the actual strength of a Ministry which is subject to such rumours? For though they had not the authenticity which deserved public comment, nor the specific character which justified the anticipation of a formal announcement, it is undeniable that the prevailing belief has been growing since the opening of the session that the Government is not strong. It is not its composition which leads to such a conviction. It has been completed in its *personnel* in a manner which usefully combines respect to hereditary prejudice with recognition of personal merit, and which affords equal encouragement to the two parties of which it is constituted. Lord Hartington's promotion, Lord De Grey's translation, conciliate the old Whig traditions of aristocratic Government; Mr. Goschen's installation in the Cabinet is a concession to intellect; Mr. Stansfeld's and Mr. Forster's appointments are a recognition of the advanced Liberal element. By these changes, the Government is unquestionably intrinsically stronger than it was in Lord Palmerston's days. Whence, then, the persistent feeling that it is nevertheless shaky, ere yet a hostile vote has passed, or even a measure been introduced on which the Opposition could make a hostile stand? The reason, doubtless, lies in the very fact that the Ministry does combine two parties, and that nobody can tell how long or on what terms they may consent to work together. There is the narrow Whig party and the broad Radical party. Impartial division of the favours of office may hold them in apparent unanimity while no measure is brought forward; but how will it be when the production of the measure on which they are at variance can be no longer delayed? Will Lord Russell be able to devise a Reform Bill to which the heads of the aristocratic houses and the popular chiefs will both give a hearty assent; and if he does, will such a measure conciliate the favour of the whole Liberal party in the House, so as to insure its triumph over the cunningly-worded resolutions or amendments, with which, rather than with a direct negative, the Opposition is likely to meet it? The difficulty of such a task is apparent to every one. But the career of the Government since the session opened seems to show that they do not encounter it with firm hearts. Their policy has not indicated unity, but it has indicated nervousness and an inclination to temporize. The Cattle Plague Bill went in the teeth of the principles Sir George Grey and Mr. Gladstone had laid down within a week of the meeting of Parliament, and was obviously dictated by the strong front and strong feeling which the country party displayed when it came up to town. In its passage the Bill was several times modified, and in the House of Lords its main provision was opposed by two leading members of the Government. Then again, on the main point of the session, there has been evidence of uncertainty and hesitation. The intention to deal with the whole question of Reform was first modified into an attempt to adjust only the suffrage, and in this shape it was announced in the Royal Speech. But this idea has, it seems, been reconsidered, and though we are not to have a double-barrelled Bill, we are now promised two single-barrelled Bills. Then again, though Lord Russell, with a good deal of tartness, declared that ere February was out the Bill should be before the House, March is already in, and no Bill has made its appearance. Finally, we are now promised at an early day not the Bill, but the statistics on which it will be founded, a course which strongly suggests either an imprudent desire to furnish by anticipation materials for concocting rival bills, or opposition, or a too prudent desire to ascertain the opinion of the House of Commons and the press before finally determining on the shape and extent of the measure. And, indeed, we are told by an evening contemporary that the effect of the statistics has already been to alter the ideas of the Government itself, and to satisfy them that the working classes are at present so well represented, that a smaller change than was at first contemplated will suffice.

Amid these various indications of hesitating and divided counsels we are content to let such as are past be past, and to deal only with such as yet lie ahead. It is not very important

to determine what influences may have decided the actions or intentions of the Ministry up to this date, save in so far as they throw light upon its probable future course. And in this view the whole interest of the question centres in the inquiry,—Will the Reform Bill be strong or weak? thorough or a compromise? But in this inquiry we must keep in view one material fact. The Moderate party in the Ministry may accept a strong and thorough Bill, for they are not pledged against it; whatever their wishes, they have never agitated against it. Their real wishes are indeed, probably, against any Bill at all, if such a course might be practicable for a few years longer. But if it is plainly not practicable, everything else is a question of degree, and they have never committed themselves to any particular degree. But the advanced party have. Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Forster have uttered the strongest language, not merely in favour of a large Bill, but against anything but a large Bill. They have declared that the existing Government is pledged in the most decisive way in which men can be pledged, to bring in and to carry a thorough measure. They have taken office almost with these words in their mouths. It would shock fatally our confidence in public men and destroy their own influence as party leaders if they were to hold office while such pledges are being set at nought, or if they were to support a compromise involving abandonment of those pledges. The general party might possibly vote for a half measure, if it is brought forward, on the ground that a half measure is better than none at all. But advanced Liberals could not, with decency or regard to their own honour, continue to hold a place in a Government which should propose a half measure such as their own public speeches have beforehand denounced as unworthy. So we must take it for granted that, if Government finally resolves on a Bill which would not be satisfactory to the advanced Liberals, their representatives in the Government will herald its introduction by a secession from office; a tremendous, quite possibly a fatal, blow to the Ministry, coming at such a moment, but one which they will have deserved and courted by deliberate breach of faith.

We may, however, draw some comfort from the clear perception of this state of the situation, and of the consequences of inviting such a blow. There is still hope that it may be averted. The very greatness and imminence of the danger attendant on vacillation may terrify the chiefs of the Ministry into resolution. Their fate lies in the hands of even one of the members of the advanced section of the Government, for the moral effect of the resignation of even one, on the ground that he could not honestly be a party to the betrayal of the principles with which he accepted office, would be fatal. And if there is but one who has so much of honesty and firmness, he holds the keys of the situation. He holds a power to which the others must yield, for he will be supported by the weight of principle, while they have no guide save considerations of expediency. But it needs not to be observed how little danger of ultimate loss would exist if only a considerable body of the Cabinet should thus stand firm. It is not to be imagined that the peers and peers' sons within it would secede, and thus for ever break up the Whig party, with all its *prestige* and privilege of office, if only Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone should resolve to side with the more determined and consistent portion of the Government which they have formed.

#### ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone mildly but unequivocally snubbed Mr. Watkin for calling the attention of the House of Commons to the unchecked development of the Fenian organization in America, we cannot help thinking that the hon. member was fully justified in the course which he took. We are not thin-skinned. We do not care how many Irish or native citizens of the United States meet in any number of meetings, and denounce England and Englishmen until their throats are hoarse, or their supply of bad language falls short. We are too much accustomed in this country to say what we think of the world in general to care much for anybody else taking a similar liberty with ourselves. And if our ill-wishers across the Atlantic would confine themselves to vituperation, we should regard with nothing but amusement the magniloquent incoherence of their disordered ravings. But they have done nothing of the kind. They have set on foot an organization which may or may not be powerful, but which is certainly very troublesome. They have collected—they are still collecting—large sums of money for the avowed purpose of dismembering the British empire. They have despatched scores of emissaries



to Ireland; and they are notoriously preparing large quantities of arms, the destination of which is not doubtful. Nor are these things done in the dark. The "Irish republic" has a large mansion in New York, where its President and his Ministers openly plot against a country with which the United States profess to be on friendly terms. From time to time Congresses are held in one or other of the cities of the Union, and at these, officers bearing a commission in the United States army appear in uniform, and make no secret of their active complicity in a movement the object of which is to stir up civil war in Canada and in Ireland. So far is the organization from being a mere thing of brag and bluster, that it has succeeded in throwing Ireland into a ferment; it has compelled us to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act; and it imposes upon us the necessity of garrisoning a part of the empire in which the whole of the respectable classes are loyal to the Queen and Constitution, as if it were but lately conquered, and a hostile dependency. These things are patent to all the world; and if we wished we could not conceal the fact, that the United States are the seat of a vast, active, and, in some degree, successful conspiracy against our tranquillity. Yet we are told that her Majesty's Government have addressed no remonstrances to President Johnson on the subject; that they have not so much as called his attention to the facts of the case; that they have not even ventured on a modest inquiry, whether the Cabinet of Washington considers the toleration of such proceedings consistent with the discharge of its international duties, or with a due regard even to the decent appearances of friendship between two countries which still maintain diplomatic relations. Our astonishment at this negligence and supineness is increased by the grounds on which Mr. Gladstone seeks to defend it. In the first place, though all the world knows pretty nearly everything that is to be known about the Fenian organization, he would have us believe that her Majesty's Ministers are in a condition of nearly total ignorance with regard to it. They have indeed heard that the President actually received a deputation from a Fenian Congress, and they are not wholly unaware of the rumours which play around the head of a gentleman named O'Mahoney and his associates. But then what is rumour? A mere nothing. A Government cannot act without proof, and, that, her Majesty's Government have not got. The right hon. gentleman is good enough to spare us the trouble of asking why this is the case, because he candidly confesses that they have taken no trouble to obtain it. They have not done so because he says it might have involved "measures for the ascertainment of facts which we would not tolerate or hear of in this country." Considering how much we did tolerate during the late civil war in America from those who were perhaps rather harshly called "Federal spies," it is difficult to understand how the United States Government or people object to the simple and easy measures which would be requisite in order to obtain conclusive evidence as to the designs and the overt acts of the Fenian conspirators. The proofs against them may, in fact, be said to lie about in the streets, waiting to be picked up by any one who chooses. To tell us that her Majesty's Ministers have abstained from performing this obvious duty because they have implicit reliance on the good faith and the friendly spirit of the Cabinet of Washington is really trifling with our credulity. Every one knows that that Cabinet is the reverse of friendly to this country, and that they will carry to the uttermost connivance at any enterprise directed against us. Some may think that it is inexpedient under existing circumstances to make remonstrances which would be disregarded, and may prefer to put up with what is going on in the United States rather than make it the subject of irritating correspondence. But even if the Government take that view, they might spare themselves the humiliation of pretending to be indifferent or remiss in the discharge of imperative duties; or, if they are careless about that, they might at least refrain from making the country a party to hypocritical professions which other nations see through and despise. If they have done nothing and intend to do nothing to strike at the root of the Fenian evil, they might content themselves with declining to discuss the subject under the ready plea of public inconvenience, but they need not betray the fact that they shrink from addressing President Johnson in language which they would undoubtedly use to the King of the Belgians or the King of Greece, if the Fenians should start a branch in Brussels or Athens. For our own part, we believe that the course they are adopting is as inexpedient as it is undignified. It will be universally understood as a tacit admission that we failed to perform the duties of neutrality during the late struggle, and that we are therefore obliged to put up with much that we would not otherwise tolerate. Surely that is a

grave error, and one that may involve consequences far more serious than could possibly follow from an ill-mannered reply to a temperate statement of the hostile action against England which has its seat in the territory of the United States. We have a right to ask that proceedings which are so notorious should at least engage the attention of the Government under whose flag they are carried on, and by omitting to do so we furnish that Government with a ready excuse for carrying inaction and indifference to the extremest point.

It is perfectly clear that the timidity which many of our public men display when they have occasion to speak of the United States—the tender delicacy which they exact for the feelings of the thin-skinned people of the Northern States—are by no means reciprocated on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not care to dwell on the language of the press; we will say not a word of the diatribes against England with which Mr. Chandler has favoured the Senate during the present session; but it is impossible to treat with equal indifference the studied insult which was offered to this country by the delivery of Mr. Bancroft's intemperate oration on the occasion of a public ceremonial to which Sir F. Bruce had been invited, in company with the rest of the diplomatic body. Everything was done to give an official character to the celebration of Mr. Lincoln's birthday. The President, his Cabinet, the members of Congress, the judges of the Supreme Court, and the most distinguished officers in the army were present. The "oration" was delivered in the House of Representatives, and nothing was wanting to confer upon the words of the speaker the character of an authoritative expression of public opinion. That speaker was no vulgar stump spouter from a backwoods State. He is not a man ignorant of the decencies of life, unacquainted with the proprieties of diplomatic intercourse, or unaccustomed to the forms and the substance of courtesy, as that word is understood in most portions of the civilized world. He was a distinguished historian; one who had been an ambassador; and who belongs exactly to that class of Americans amongst whom we are always told to look for friendly feelings towards England. And yet for more than an hour this gentleman, amidst the vehement applause of his distinguished audience, poured out upon England and the English a torrent of virulent invectives, coarse, vulgar, and offensive, beyond description. Our institutions were reviled, our policy was slandered, large classes of our society were vilified, and a hope was pretty distinctly intimated that a speedy revolution would humble in the dust the effete monarchy and the grasping aristocracy of Great Britain. As if to show that there was no outrage upon good taste which it was beyond his power or against his inclination to commit, Mr. Bancroft depicted with spiteful elaboration the character and career of Lord Palmerston, and offered him up as a precious sacrifice on the altar of Abraham Lincoln. It is true that England was not the only Power insulted. The representatives of France were invited to this "august assembly," in order to be told that "the Republic of Mexico must rise again;" the Pope was belaboured, for no earthly reason that we can make out; while the Austrian minister was compelled to hear a prince of the House of Hapsburg described as an "adventurer." The Marquis de Montholon and Sir F. Bruce have contemptuously abstained from taking notice of the treatment to which they were thus subjected. The Austrian Minister, however, took another course. He remonstrated with Mr. Seward against the terms which had been applied to the Emperor Maximilian; and the answer to that remonstrance aggravates in a very high degree the original offence. If the American Secretary had had the slightest sense of what was due to good taste, he would have seized the opportunity of expressing regret that the representatives of friendly Powers should have been invited to hear an address which must have grated harshly on their feelings; if he had adhered to strict official etiquette he would have declined to recognise Mr. Bancroft's speech as a matter at all concerning the Government, or affording a basis for diplomatic correspondence. Instead of taking either of these courses, he refused to accept the protest, on the ground that Austria had declared that she would remain foreign to all Mexican affairs! Such a reply was transparently absurd, as the Austrian ambassador pointed out; but it nevertheless amounted to an admission of the official character of Mr. Bancroft's speech, and of the right of those whom it concerned to demand explanations from the Cabinet of Washington. We can therefore only draw from the whole transaction this inference—that in the opinion of the present race of public men in America, it is right to insult guests, it is consistent with international comity to heap abuse upon friendly States and their rulers, it is dignified to commit the exposition of national policy to a scolding declaimer. If that is what is in store for us under



the renewed power and restored integrity of the great republic. we must of course put up with it in the best way we can. But we need not lick hands that smite us, or pour greasy compliments upon heads that are filled with hostile and malicious thoughts.

#### THE BHOOTAN MESS.

It is a curious feature of the Indian telegraph that it sends no bad news. Successes we hear of, but never of defeats or disasters. The Bhootan business supplies more than one illustration. The three or four gleams of good fortune which have occurred were duly telegraphed. First there was the capture of Dalimkote, the starting success of the expedition. Afterwards came the recapture of Dewangiri, the achievement by which a period of disaster was neutralized. Next came the news of a treaty of peace, on the heels of anxious forebodings that we were committed to an expedition into the heart of the country. Finally, we hear this week that the two guns lost at Dewangiri are returned, just as it was feared the treaty would not be kept, and an expedition to the Bhootan capital to recover them would be needed after all. All this is pleasant enough. We like to know that our evil apprehensions are falsified and a ticklish affair is coming out straight. But the practice has its disadvantages. There was some sense after all in the great Napoleon's rule—not to wake him when asleep to hear good news. Such news he thought could afford to wait. But he strictly enjoined that he should be awakened when there was a check or a defeat. It was then necessary to act. The rule of our Government is the reverse. While telling us of the victories, the telegraph was not used to report the disaster at Dewangiri, nor the failure to return the guns at the proper time, nor the losses at Putla Kowa. Yet these were matters quite as germane to the Bhootan expedition as the opposite facts, and quite as deserving of rapid transmission.

The only conceivable explanation is that the Indian Government treats its master at home as a spoilt child, requiring much art in coaxing and keeping quiet. Our vanity is tickled with good reports, but disagreeable facts are withheld, although it might be very important that the home Government should have a chance of advising and instructing. It is a crowning disadvantage that the telegrams themselves by the *suppressio veri* are grossly misleading. It was all very well to report the recapture of Dewangiri, but what was the news worth without the qualifying addition that the place was immediately abandoned? The news of peace again was so far satisfactory, but why not have told us that the *de facto* ruler of the country was no party to the treaty, which surely was the most important peculiarity in the case? In the same way the guns have been returned, we know, but what were the circumstances? It so happens they were not returned at the proper time. Was any new pressure exercised? Was any new bribe offered to the redoubtable Tongso Penlow to return them? How far has our anxiety to see the identical guns restored been pushed, to the detriment of our self-respect and dignity, no slight loss in the eyes of our Hindoo subjects? These are questions by the light of which we must read this telegram, and the experience we have had inclines us to postpone our feelings of perfect satisfaction with the news, till we know all about it.

Some very curious facts, indeed, are emerging in regard to the whole of this last stage of the business. In all probability, it will turn out to have been as grossly mismanaged as the rest of it. All parties concerned have been playing at cross purposes. Sir John Lawrence is said to have been equally dissatisfied with his instructions from home, and the way in which his agents in India carried out his own orders. Without trusting too much to reports, we may be sure, at least, that the splendid expedition organized last autumn was not intended to make the Bhootan chiefs come down from their tree of defiance without ever being fired at. Their submission before the expedition started would in India have been regarded as a most untoward circumstance. At Calcutta, it was a settled matter that the region whose resources were greatly vaunted was to be annexed; and in that view the expedition was, perhaps, only a little more than commensurate with its aims. It was even said that Sir John Lawrence had quite made up his mind to annexation. There could, of course, have been no pretext for marching had the Bhoteahs submitted at once to all our demands, but they did not submit at once, nor to all. Instead of advancing promptly at the beginning of the season, we sent to negotiate with the enemy, and postponed our advance, that the negotiation might proceed. When the treaty was made again, it was not, as was very well known, made with those who had

power to keep it, but with the Dhurm and Deb Rajahs—those shadowy powers who had as much authority in Bhootan as any ryot in Bengal. The inference is, that since peace was made in this discreditable way, an overruling power had checked the action of the Calcutta Government. It was Sir John Lawrence who had organized the expedition; but the orders of Sir Charles Wood were peremptory and decisive that it should not go, that there should be no wholesale annexation, and that ways and means should be found to patch up a peace. Nor is this the whole game of cross purposes. It is distinctly asserted that Colonel Bruce has exceeded his commission in regard to the tribute we are to pay to the chiefs for their dooars. It was to be £5,000 a year, but Colonel Bruce has contrived to make the first payment for 1865, £6,000, in consideration of the two months of the previous year during which we held them. All this confirms the Indian impression that we bribed the Bhootan chiefs to make the treaty; and certainly, if all the accounts are true, they are gainers by having £5,000 a year, with £1,000 extra cash in hand, instead of the black-mail they formerly levied. But this was not, we are told, what the Indian Government meant, and Colonel Bruce has been ordered to send in explanations. No one, of course, who knows the Indian press, will accept all these statements as perfectly accurate; but the circumstances themselves are so suspicious, and there is so much corroborative evidence, that a very ample case is made out for Parliamentary investigation, which we trust will not be long withheld. If anything should justify this demand, it would be the reports received by a late mail, that the loss of life in this paltry war has exceeded the casualties of a great battle. It has certainly been very great, and the administrative mismanagement by which it was effected has in no case on record been more culpable.

In its last stage, as in all the previous ones, the affairs of Bhootan seem destined to be of value from the incidental topics they illustrate, rather than their intrinsic importance, which is truly very small. Mr. Eden's failure at first in the formal negotiations showed that we were going the wrong way to work with uncivilized tribes. We should have negotiated less, or not at all, and treated the outrages all along as matters of police. The failure of the native regiments at Dewangiri pointed to defects in the organization of the native army which had not been exposed. Now the peculiar way in which peace has been forced on appears to illustrate the relations of the Home and Indian Governments. It is not, however, the first illustration of the kind. In the matter of the last budget it appeared how much the telegraph and swift means of communication had placed our Viceroy at the mercy of the India office. The Indian Government was then overruled in the face of day by a telegraphic despatch, peremptory in its terms, with which the people in India were almost as soon acquainted as the Government. Of course the people passed upon the transaction the very obvious comment. The Indian Government has been again overruled, perhaps not so explicitly, but still with as distinct pressure as before. They were so far committed to a different policy, that their violent recovery and adoption of a new track could not be regarded as of their own suggestion. The state of matters is far from satisfactory. We need not dispute the wisdom of the home policy. Adherents as we all are now at home of a policy of non-intervention and non-annexation everywhere, it never strikes us as aught but natural that the Procrustean rule should be stretched to India. Still it seems very hard that Indian governors, face to face with the responsibility, should not be left to manage things their own way. The misfortune is they are not meddled with in the ordinary case, and their policy is only thwarted in the hour of crisis, when of sufficient interest to attract attention at home. Thus every alteration overturns the labour of months and years, and the result must be a feeling of soreness and indifference to work in future in the Indian officials, when they know that as their labours tend to a climax, their whole aims may be thwarted by the stroke of a Secretary's pen in an office some thousand miles away. It is discouraging, besides, that the natives are taught to look beyond them, and see in them no real governors, but only servants, like themselves, of an invisible despot, who can be appealed to by them as well as their nominal rulers on every question. Such a feeling of disrespect towards their Government is surely not very desirable in a people like that of India. The mischief, we fear, is in a great measure unavoidable. Parliament is not likely to surrender its formal authority over Indian affairs and the privilege of occasionally dictating the policy, although, in order to give it the means of acting, there must be a responsible Secretary of State, who, from want of looking after (and no Parliament can look after him in everything), becomes in fact the despot of India. But if no change is to be made,



the decencies of government should at least be well preserved. The Indian Government need not receive its orders publicly by telegraph, and the overruling sentence need not be announced beforehand in the House of Commons. Care again should be taken not to alter visibly a course of policy after it has been allowed to begin. No good men can be expected to work on such terms. It is absolutely intolerable to the governing classes of India, watchful of their honour and credit in Indian eyes, to be dictated to by a far-off public opinion anxious only for peace and quiet and flourishing budgets, and totally unconscious of all the elements of the situation which no one in India can overlook.

#### DISLOYAL SOLDIERS.

ONE of the most startling facts in connection with the Fenian movement is the alleged complicity of our soldiers with it. That those whose very trade and calling is to protect the integrity of the Queen's realms should, even in a few instances, enlist themselves on the side of insurrection, is a matter calculated to produce an uneasy feeling of insecurity which could scarce be brought about by any other hitch in our legislative economy. We have long given over being afraid of our standing army; we do not regard it as a threat, but as a protection. The old bugbear dangers attributed to it have had no recent expression, and the civilian mind contemplates the existence of a huge military force with no other qualms than those of pocket. Our soldiers have no emperor to pet them, they have never attained, and never can attain, the preponderating influence of janissaries or prætorian guards; we put them out of sight when we indulge in the humours and privileges of a contested election; we keep them in stock for service in our colonies; but we never think of giving them that sort of preference which would lead to the belief that their position amongst us was more forward or more important than that which we jealously intend it to be. We must confess a British soldier is an expensive luxury. He costs nearly four times as much as a Prussian, twice as much as a Frenchman, and seven times as much as a Russian. In round numbers, according to the recent estimates, we paid for every man in our army £100 last year. Now, this figure ought to furnish us with a genuine article; and to think that we have trained a soldier to bear arms against the law is a reflection proportionately disagreeable to what we ought fairly to expect. The number of Irishmen in our army was always large. Their conduct in the field won for them the praises of the Duke during the Peninsular Campaign, while in the Crimea and in India they gave every satisfaction to their officers. We have no statistics to show whether they behave better or worse in barracks than their English comrades, but at any rate they cannot be notoriously worse. Yet we find that in several cases (behind which we fear more may be discovered) they have allowed themselves to be tampered with by the agents of the Fenian conspiracy, and would appear to have taken, without much reluctance, to the plot. Last week no less than eleven soldiers belonging to different regiments were arrested under circumstances of a character more than suspicious, and these arrests have been followed since by several others. Courts-martial are being held both in Cork and in Dublin upon non-commissioned officers charged with treasonable offences. In Clonmel four or five of similar rank were lately taken up. The entire garrison of Templemore suddenly shifted quarters about a month since, and was reported to have been seriously tainted. In Athlone a colour-sergeant vehemently denounces the Queen and the Government, and a letter from another is found in the *Irish People* office sending his subscription and notes of admiration and sympathy with the sentiments of the paper, together with several ungrammatical hints that he had comrades who shared in his patriotic proclivities to the utmost.

All this is really alarming. Of course it is capable of cure by extirpation, but the disease is likely to spread among condensed masses with a rapidity almost equal to that of the cattle plague. Our troubles with Ireland afford no precedent for this mischief. In '98, the garrison was entirely English, so that the thing was impossible. In '48 a kind of *stampede* exhibited itself in one regiment when the disturbance came to a head, but it was over in a few hours. But here we find it even though the elements of revolutionary success, which are the prime inducements for revolutionary recruits, were never so remarkably minute. The manner in which a soldier is manufactured into a Fenian seems to be somewhat in this fashion. A public-house frequented by the military receives the additional custom of a gentleman whose liberality in treating is only equalled by his anxiety to ascertain the political opinions of his

guests. He perceives just the slightest flavour of treason off the incautious adjective of a muddled corporal, and upon that hint he speaks. Corporal is invited into a quiet corner, and a Prayer Book is brought out. What then takes place is usually narrated afterwards in details by an informer, who always manages to assist at the ceremony. Our readers can understand how this, going on simultaneously through all Ireland for the last three years, must have worked. As a class we should be very sorry to accuse the Irish soldiers of disloyalty, but, in every regiment, as there are black sheep and habitual denizens of the black hole ready to commit theft, these are just as ready to commit treason. Then again with regard to non-commissioned officers there is that human failing of vanity which the Fenian agents know well how to use. The marshal's bâton, which the Frenchman sees in the bottom of his knapsack, even though it be as imaginary as Macbeth's dagger, gives him something to hope for and aspire to. But a colour-sergeant, in times of peace and pipe-clay, has no legitimate object of ambition. He is as high as he is ever likely to go, and he is liable at any moment to be broken and degraded to the ranks. Now, if an attorney's clerk is offered the commission of colonel in the Fenian army, what may be the bait held out to an efficient and professional *militaire* who can bring experience and capacity ready-made into the camp? We may reasonably surmise that a duplicate adumbration of the marshal's bâton was presented to many an Irish colour-sergeant, together with a slice of that country for whose welfare he is so vitally interested. We may also speculate that money bribes were freely offered, and that there were some fellows at least quite willing to sell the Crown for half a crown. This latter coin would be a novelty in the purse of a full private, who is unable to command any luxury that goes beyond threepence.

Still, when this is all told, there is another reason why Fenianism catches, and which lies at the root. The army is the school or university of idleness, with a host of professors in the art directing it. Soldiers quartered in the country after the morning parade are off duty almost until nightfall, and are loafing and spunging from tavern to tavern during the entire day. The regimental library is sealed to the greater number, and, besides, there is generally no library in the smaller garrisons. What more natural than that those myriad idle hands should have thrust into them that mischief which the devil is properly said to have ready stored for idle people? They should be put to something useful. We learn that in capability three soldiers are equal to five ordinary labourers. Is there no plan by which this waste force could be directed into our service and prevented from running riot, into evil, and into hideous hospitals? In every instance in which soldiers were alleged to have been Fenianized the operation took place in a beer-house. In Cork, the manufacture was introduced into the canteen. Under what code of regulations could an outsider come into the military penetralium, and do his treasonable spiriting safely and briskly? It would appear from the disclosures at the court-martial that every one had free access to the Cork barracks, and that the soldiers were regularly entertained by individuals of the pronounced politics which we have already described. We find it difficult to understand how the repressive measures now being adopted were not previously put into action. The Government possessed evidence of military disaffection as far back as the period at which the *Irish People* manuscripts were confiscated, and from that time until within one month since, no move was made to check the insidious progress of the conspiracy. What advance it may have effected in the interval, we have no exact means of determining; but it must have made some, for we find that several of those arrested belonged to regiments only lately stationed in Ireland. Had examples been made, a good many might have been deterred.

A word may be said in reference to the courts-martial. Amateur lawyers and amateur actors are usually egregious failures, but a military lawyer, as a rule, affords the most distressing illustration of incompetence. He is not personally to blame. He cannot help his situation in the first place, and in the next cannot help the forms which hamper him, and which in their ostentatious simplicity provoke complications more puzzling than the most intricate system of pleading. The prosecutor flounders through the difficulties of his position with a manly and often a clever determination, but it is invariably too much for him. His efforts to extract evidence without knowing the proper methods are pitiable. The prisoner is allowed the assistance of counsel, and in nine cases out of ten is directed by his adviser (who takes a professional delight in bothering the Court) to object to the question on some technical ground. The prosecutor has no argument by him to urge in favour of his examination. The president is unable to make up his mind



without the assistance of the rest of the Court, and retires with them accordingly, when, after an interval of reflection and lunch, a decision is brought back, or the point is reserved, and the case proceeds in a halt, cumbersome style, concluding in a mass of confusion from which it is utterly impossible to elicit the truth. Our remarks are not intended for any invidious application; this is the general story of courts-martial. We trust that in Ireland they will be equal to the occasion, which is particularly unpleasant and momentous.

#### OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

THE historian Defoe has described the English character as "lazy-diligent." The judgment pronounced by so acute a writer on the Englishman of his day, it must be acknowledged, holds good of him in the nineteenth century with even greater force than then; for though John Bull is confessedly the most painstaking and diligent of bipeds, there is a marvellous indolence about him as to getting out of a used-up groove, and changing old habits for new ones. In manufactures, in which he still takes the lead of the world, he is quick enough to see the value of a new invention and turn it to account; but in most other matters he adheres to old jogtrot with a tenacity which often puts his reputation for practical wisdom to the blush before Americans and Frenchmen, who outstrip him in management and in turning small matters to account. Our mercantile marine, to the condition of which public attention has been directed this winter with no little alarm and indignation, affords a remarkable instance of this *vis inertiae* of character. There can be no doubt that English ships as a general rule are well and solidly constructed, though it is to be feared that safe sailing qualities are too often sacrificed, through commercial cupidity, for the sake of the advantages of quick passages. But, precisely, in matters on which, though small in themselves, the safety of a ship's crew, passengers, and cargo may in the moment of danger depend, the most marvellous indifference, indolence, or stupidity is manifested. In the case of the unfortunate *London*, a defective construction of the engine-room hatch is proved to have been the proximate cause of the catastrophe, which engulfed that gallant ship, and 233 souls, in the Bay of Biscay. It was a small matter, and a better construction of hatch would not have involved any great additional expense; but yet it has cost England a sacrifice to the ocean god of all these lives to teach seamen the fact, which a little scientific foresight should have long before made evident, that the engine is the vital part of a steamship—its heart and lungs—and that no pains or expense could be too great to protect it effectually against the "extraordinary accidents of the deep." But even this hatch might have escaped but for another small matter, as to which it is to be feared that the owners of the *London* are reprehensible, although the Board of Trade in their report gives them, through want of evidence, the benefit of the doubt, and exculpates them. Notwithstanding this Report, a strong suspicion prevails, of which it is not easy to dispossess the public mind, that the *London* was overladen; and this impression is confirmed, not only by some of the witnesses who gave evidence at the late inquiry, but also by one of those affecting messages from the sea which came ashore on the coasts of Quiberon and Loomariaquer shortly after the loss of the *London*, in which the writer speaks of the ship as "too heavily laden" for her size and "too creaky;" adding the words, "Storm not too strong for a ship in good condition." The fact that she was overladen, and that she had too much "dead-weight of iron" in her hold, prevented her rising lightly on the huge waves she had to encounter, and caused her deck to be swamped by the sea. But, even with this dead-weight, the hatch might have escaped but for another "small matter"—evidently considered small by merchant captains,—the reprehensible practice, universally prevailing in the merchant service, of ships going to sea in mid-winter with their whole top-hamper of "royal-masts on end and gallant-yards across." Captain Stoll, R.N., testifies that all merchant ships go to sea in winter in this condition, which is never allowed in her Majesty's navy, and that he cannot get captains to abandon the practice. Even since the loss of the *London* he had remonstrated with an emigrant-ship captain; but, although the weather looked threatening, he could not induce him to send his gallant-yards on deck. If, then, the jibboom was the cause of the destruction of the engine-room hatch of the *London*, as the evidence seems to suggest, there can be no doubt that the practice of top-hamper is mainly, if not wholly, accountable for the catastrophe that overtook that ill-fated vessel.

It may be well here to refer to a reliable authority on the perilous nature of this practice, the true motive to which, we suspect, is a poor and paltry economy among shipowners. It has been said that the commander who watches his barometer most efficiently watches his vessel. Lord Nelson was a remarkable instance of this truth, and the testimony comes with tenfold force from the gallant nation he so often humbled. M. J. De la Gravière, writing of his pursuit of Villeneuve in January, 1805, says:—"The weather was uncertain and threatening, the wind, which had been fresh, was now rising and falling and variable. Nelson foresaw a gale, and before midnight the fleet was under handy sail, with topgallant-masts housed." Nelson found the French fleet, as he expected, disabled; and Villeneuve, by letter, described their distress to Dacres; whereas the fiery admiral for twenty-one months defied the hurricane, and, by his prudence and judgment, never lost a mast or yard. With such an example at hand, and the universal practice of the Royal navy as a guide, can anything be more reprehensible than to allow ships carrying hundreds of passengers to go to sea in such weather as prevailed during the beginning of January, even though there was a lull in the storm, and face the dangers of the coast navigation of the British Channel and the wild waves of the Bay of Biscay?

The loss of the *Amalia* is another instance of this culpable neglect of small matters. She, too, was hampered with her top-gear, though it does not appear that this cause contributed, directly at least, to her foundering. She was, however, unquestionably overloaded; and her engine-fires were put out by the sea pouring into her hold through the coal-bunkers and waste-water pipes, both of which were deficient construction. Yet, though these facts appear palpably on the face of the evidence relative to this vessel, the lame and impotent conclusion at which Mr. Raffles, the police-magistrate before whom her case was investigated, arrived is, that "the true cause of the loss of the *Amalia* will, and must ever remain a mystery." Who can doubt that Mr. Raffles's conclusion is a far greater mystery? The expression, "true cause," is a very convenient one to warrant a court being lenient on unfortunate captains, which the public justly apprehend is too often the case; but with causes adequate and sufficient to produce the disaster before it, no court is justified in saying that the true cause must be a mystery. In the case of the *Amalia* there were adequate causes. The Report says that "the water rushed in through the bunkers so rapidly and in such quantities that the engineer was unable to shut off the sea-cocks, when his fires were extinguished." In fact, imperfect securing of the bunker-lids was the cause of the catastrophe; the sea-pipes also were fractured by contact with the stoke-holes—an accident from which they should be efficiently protected—and the nozzles of the sounding-pipes were, moreover, flush with the deck, in consequence of which the quantity of water in the hold could not be ascertained. The surveyors of the Board of Trade also declared their conviction that she was too deeply laden. How, with such facts before the Court, the conclusion could be arrived at that the true cause of the loss of the ship is "a mystery," it is no easy matter to conceive. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was an act of justice as well as mercy to restore the captain his certificate; but he certainly must be considered culpable in having neglected to make the ship-carpenters nail planks over the bunkers the moment their lids were washed away.

But, if the captain be not reprehensible, there can be no doubt that the owners of the *Amalia* are accountable for both the overloading of this ship and the state of the bunkers; and we do not see why shipowners should not be liable to actions at law for compensation for loss of life where it can be proved that accidents at sea are owing to neglect. If compensations for loss of life by shipwreck were to be awarded by juries as they are in the case of railway accidents, we may feel sure that travelling on the high seas would be much safer than it is. And that something of the kind is necessary is evident from the fact that shipowners are so protected by marine insurance that they run no risk in the loss of either ships or cargoes. As houses are often burned by their owners for the sake of the money for which they are insured, it is notorious that ships, through the same motive, are often intentionally wrecked. As Sir Edward Belcher stated on Saturday last, at the interview between the deputation from the Social Science Association and the President of the Board of Trade, "so long as insurance covered the vessel and cargo, no extraordinary exertion could be expected from the captain or crew!"

Another matter which requires alteration with a view to a remedy, is the hurry and confusion in which ships are sent to sea. The owners are urgent that no time should be lost, and



at the eleventh hour ships' decks are littered with packages of stores, live stock, vegetables, loose spars, and other impediments, for getting which out of the way reliance is placed on the leisure which Jack will have when he has well got out to sea. The captains are unacquainted with their crews, some of whom are foreigners, and many of whom come on board so drunk that it takes two days at least to dissipate the alcoholic vapours. If a ship, immediately on leaving an English port, encounters a hurricane in this state of confusion and hamper, it is evident that the difficulty of managing it and the consequent risk to the lives of the passengers will be greatly increased.

And then there is Jack's proverbial indifference to danger, which has caused the loss of many a good ship—

"Where he goes and how he fares  
Nobody knows and no one cares."

Trusting in the happy-go-lucky principle, as he has escaped a hundred dangers, he hopes to escape a hundred more. A striking instance of the seaman's recklessness on this point was the escape which a large merchant vessel had near Point de Galle, on the coast of Ceylon. As that is a much-frequented track, strict orders were given by the captain to keep a close watch and "good look out." There was not only the danger of encountering homeward-bound vessels, but thick, hazy weather was prevalent, and the strong, irregular currents might have carried the ship on those dangerous reefs, the Great and Little Basses. The chief officer took watch at midnight, and his great care, when he found the captain asleep below, was to bring his pillow and great-coat on deck, and settle himself to sleep on the hen-coop. "Like master like man" is well understood by Jack; so the look-out coiled himself up forward, and the man at the helm fell asleep with his chin on the wheel, between the two spokes he held in his hands. The irregular motion of the unguided ship at last awoke the captain; he looked at the "tell-tale" compass over his head, and saw the vessel was off her course. It was but the work of a moment to spring on deck and see the state of affairs. He knocked down the helmsman, and took the wheel in his hand, and had barely time to prevent collision with a large vessel that was bearing down, though he did not escape without the loss of a portion of the ship's bulwarks and some spars. This is but one instance out of many, which call for the application of stringent remedies. The waters are the highways of the world, and the interests of humanity demand that, in an age when it is a reproach to a "navy" to be ignorant or careless, the captains, officers, and seamen of our mercantile marine should be not alone the best practical sailors, but also the most theoretical.

#### HILARITY UNDER PRESSURE.

THE Christmas holidays are long since over, and we have thoroughly settled down to our ordinary round of duties and our accustomed manners. The recurrence of the festive season necessitates our adoption of certain forms and ceremonies, which, however stereotyped and usual, are yet abnormal to the general rule of our life, and foreign to our native disposition. Heavily as they may press upon us, yet their weight must be borne; and although the submission to the yoke may be conventional, yet its burden may be none the less wearisome and intolerable. A pantomime mask, although it outwardly presents the broadest grin and the merriest chuckle, may be excessively onerous and disagreeable to its wearer, who has assumed it, not from choice but necessity, and who thankfully lays it aside when the hour has arrived that shall restore his own features to liberty. And it is not only in pantomimes that masks have to be worn during the Christmas holidays; both off and on the stage they are in greater requisition at that season than at any other period of the year; and very cramped and awkward do many of their wearers feel at the unwonted guise in which they are masquerading. To play a part or assume a character in which we do not feel at ease, can scarcely be felt by us as a pleasure, although, in its way and after its degree, it may be contributing to the general pastime. To smile and laugh "naturally," is usually considered to be a theatrical accomplishment that is as valuable as it is difficult of acquisition; and a large share of the popularity of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Nisbett was due to that highly-perfected assumption of spontaneous hilarity in which they were so remarkably proficient. Such perfection of art cannot be expected from amateurs, whose experiences of real life find it to be rarely a comedy, and more rarely still a screaming farce; and so, when in the stage directions of their social drama they are told to laugh, they must do so with the best imitative skill at their command.

It is true that this laughter is more frequently an exercise of the facial muscles than the genuine offspring of mirth; but it is conventionally demanded on certain occasions, and we are too much the creatures of habit not to acquiesce in the requirements or expectations of society.

Yet, how hard a task is it to play the rôle of Democritus when one is not "i' the vein." It is said that the mystery of a certain clergyman's tears that were shed at regulated intervals during his sermons was not cleared up until after his death, when, on searching his manuscript discourses, it was found, that, midway down every third page, was the marginal direction, "Weep here." Perhaps, if the place and circumstances had permitted, an instruction to "Laugh here" could have been as readily complied with. But this clerical performer must have been in every way an exceptional being; and it is not given to every one to produce tears or laughter at a moment's notice, turning them on like the gas and water in our pipes and mains. To the generality, enforced merriment, no less than simulated sorrow, is not an easy task; though the latter may, perhaps, be more effectively sustained than the former, and the part of Heraclitus found to be less arduous than that of Democritus. It is as laughing philosophers that we must present ourselves during the season that is inaugurated by the pantomimic rites of Boxing-day; and, when that day has dawned, we may prepare to bend our shoulders to the burden of sustaining a character that shall be in conventional accordance with what we are instructed to regard as the festive season. The burden is assumed, and borne more or less naturally, more or less willingly. Then, as the Christmas holidays wane, we become increasingly conscious of freedom from a certain strain that has been placed upon our feelings during the previous month. The nearer we approach to Candlemas, the looser become our shackles; and, by the time that the shortest month of the year is at hand, we have shaken ourselves tolerably free of our chains, and can re-assume that habitual gravity and placidity that has distinguished us in our natural state.

For, there is no denying it, that when we are bidden by the carol-singers to "be merry, and to cast sorrow away," we oftentimes can only comply with their request under great pressure, and with the full knowledge that we are doing a violence to our feelings. We have heard of a person dancing a hornpipe in fetters; and, for aught we know, such a peculiar saltatory performance, although deficient in grace, and calling for gymnastic rather than gesticulatory powers, may not be quite so difficult of execution as it sounds to inexperienced ears. At any rate, the performance of the task is voluntary if arduous, and may possibly be a healthy and invigorating exercise, although not indulged in, or appreciated, by ordinary mortals. Such an amusement, however, cannot be much more difficult of execution than the task of making one's spirits dance to order. Mercurial temperaments may be enabled to rise at the slightest suspicion of social sunshine; but in this climate the barometrical average ranges at "temperate;" and on the few occasions that we permit ourselves to attain to fever heat, we find the atmosphere so tropically exhausting that we gladly sink to our lower, but more comfortable, level. Forced mirth is one of those productions whose bloom is but evanescent, and which vanishes altogether when removed from its artificial surroundings. All light bodies must necessarily suffer from the super-addition of heavier; and jocund mirth, under forcible pressure, is flattened out of recognition of its true features. It is during the Christmas holidays that we are called upon to make the greatest sacrifices to our peace of mind, by assuming a virtue, though we have it not, and by counterfeiting a hearty geniality that may be utterly foreign to our sedate and reserved nature. The chief festive season is also the chief theatrical season, and the performances of our amateurs in private life are capable of extension to the impersonation of those rollicking, jovial, light-minded individuals who can "laugh, ha! ha! and quaff, ha! ha!" and conduct themselves according to the orthodox fashion of people in Christmas pictures and Christmas stories. From the publication of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," we may date a new era for an exaggerated view of what is required of Christmas mirth and what is proper for the exposition of Christmas sentiment. If, on the annual recurrence of that season, we do not walk about with an unwonted briskness, with our eyes blithely sparkling, and our kindly faces all of a glow; if we do not slap our acquaintances heartily on the shoulder, or poke them in the ribs, in our very excess of jollity; if we do hesitate to go down a slide on Cornhill at the end of a lane of boys, and to play blindman's buff at our festive gatherings; if, when we see lads going home for the holidays, we fail to hear the crisp air laugh to the merry music of their youthful voices; and if we ourselves, too, do not laugh all over, from



our very shoes to our organs of benevolence, and conduct ourselves much after the demonstrative example of Mr. Fezziwig, we feel an uncomfortable conviction that something must be amiss within us, that we are not properly screwed-up to concert-pitch, and that, so far as regards our befitting reception of the season, we must bear a painful resemblance to Old Scrooge before his interviews with the three spirits.

We must not all expect to emulate Mark Tapley, who, in the thriving city of Eden, and surrounded by the most depressing conglomeration of events, could, nevertheless, come out strong and be jolly under creditable circumstances. There are positions in which even a Frankenstein would fail to give life to the soul of merriment; and in which humour, like the baby in Tennyson's poem of the "Grandmother," would be "dead before it was born." Simulated mirth in the midst of sorrow is always effective in fiction, however rare in real life. The painted clown who tumbles and cracks jokes in the arena and then retires for a few minutes behind the scenes to attend to his dying child or wife, has often figured on the canvas, in the book, and on the stage. One foreign version of the idea was rendered popular years ago by Mr. Webster, and, more recently, by Mr. Fechter, as Belphegor, the mountebank; and another native version, where a certain Cheap Jack, while he patters to a grinning crowd, clasps his dying child in his arms, has more recently still, under the title of "Dr. Marigold," caused thousands of readers to choke their merriment in a sudden gush of tears. The case of this poor vagabond in the sleeved-waistcoat, was truly one wherein was exemplified that forced production of hilarity which is nowadays in common demand. Our insular characteristic of loving to take our pleasures sadly as much distinguishes us now as it did in the days of Froissart. School-treats and parochial entertainments generally, squire-archal banquets to tenantry, public dinners, and, above all, wedding breakfasts, may possibly be feasts of reason; but their flowings of soul are commonly of so limited a nature, that the outpourings have a shallow character not far removed from total stagnation. It is a very difficult task for the giver of such feasts to infuse liveliness into his stolid masses, and to compel them to a show of merriment; almost as difficult as it must be for the comic writer to supply his two columns of facetiæ, or his one act of sparkling burlesque or screaming farce, when he is depressed by illness, harassed by duns, or tortured by tedium. Though the triumph of mind over matter, and the subjection of physical pain to mental exertion, may be a great achievement for poor humanity, yet it must always be an arduous task to make bricks without straw, and to produce laughter without being supplied with the proper materials for its creation. The father who took his two little boys into the country, and then said to them, "Now, I have brought you here to enjoy yourselves; and if you don't begin at once, I will give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life!" must have had but feeble notions concerning that subject of enforced mirth which we have now been considering. Hilarity under pressure may, perhaps, be more agreeable and easy than the hornpipe in fetters, but we should doubt it being so.

#### SMOCK FROCKS AND FIELD PATHS.

Yes, it cannot be denied, they are all disappearing—disappearing fast—the white smock frock, the field path and stile, the woodbine round the cottage-porch, the hollyhocks in the cottage-garden, the farmer in his top-boots, the rector in his shovel-hat, the stage-coach halting at the village-inn, the local costume, the provincial dialect, and whatever is most green and wild, most gushing and picturesque in nature—it is vanishing before that great leveller, civilization. Hamlet after hamlet is being absorbed into the vortex of some greedy town; the shyest nooks are rudely invaded and enveloped in a mantle of smoke. As to elves, it is of no use to look for them now. However bright the moonshine, they have quite given up their dances round the cowslips on the dewy mead, and the goblins on the dark heath never make the traveller's skin creep now, nor a single hair of his head stand on end. Where are the grotesque old houses one used to see in Berkshire and in the villages round Cambridge? Where the half-timbered dwellings they call wood-noggins in Kent, with flowers and patterns worked in the plaster? Where the picture-like "post and pan houses" in Cheshire, with here and there one having white flowers on a red ground? In Salisbury, some years ago, there were many houses with thatched roofs sprinkled with moss; but "modern improvements" are dismantling our old towns more rapidly than time. The rustic architecture, in which such painters as Ostade delighted, is demolished before it has mouldered, and artists will soon have to seek their models in

the regions of fancy. The town which man makes is superseding the country that God made; and if things go on at this rate, England will, by and by, be one vast city, and all its inhabitants townfolk; the Muses will retire to the mountain-tops; and when the steam-engine, hissing round the foot of Snowdon and Cader Idris, drives them from these retreats, they will embark for some less populated land, or, following the general example, will be compelled to take lodgings in some dingy quarter, as they did with Juvenal in the Suburra and with Milton in Bread-street.

These are not morbid regrets. They spring from no blind antipathy to railways and telegraphic wires, nor even to tall chimneys and smoking kilns. But it does seem as if the rural population were deteriorated in proportion as the town by forced marches steals on the country. The bloom of rustic innocence is brushed off by contact with impure society, and the simplicity of peasant manners gives place to the pretentious aping of gentility which distinguishes cockney life. The colour that bluff winds painted on the cheeks is lost in a tainted atmosphere, and the children who grew up ruddy and muscular as little Hebes by the running brooks, lie wan and rickety on the steps of a factory. Railroads have annihilated distance, and villages in sequestered vales and huts on wild commons are now positively suburban. The parish school among the hills turns out girls whose chief accomplishment consists in walking about in idleness and imitating the latest fashions with tawdry finery. Not one of them but would be ashamed to wash her clothes at a fountain, or spread them to dry on the shore, as the daughters of kings and princes did in the days of Ulysses. Farmers, indeed, can scarcely get female servants to do their work. They are obliged to put up with slatterns whom other people will not have, or perhaps by giving double the wages they formerly gave, they secure a girl who is—above her place. She laughs at her mistress's bad grammar, and thinks herself competent to teach politeness to the whole household. She wears a bonnet no bigger than an oyster shell, and puts flowers in the middle of one so stuck up in front that it seems to have the hind side before. To say the truth, the farmers' daughters themselves are a little given to this sort of thing. They have learned music and French (and what French it is!) but they keep aloof from the kitchen, and have forgotten how to make cheese and butter, if they ever knew. They can embroider and crochet, but they disdain doing plain needlework, and in this false pride they resemble the women in China, who allow the nails on their hands to grow longer than their fingers, as an evidence that they were never engaged in servile employment, and the ladies in Siam, who distort their arms and sit with their elbows turned outward when they receive a guest as a proof that they are incapable of hard toil.

Such evils, it is true, are but incidental and attendant on a far greater good. The praise of progress can never be sung too loudly, if the progress be real. It is the result of millenniums of industry, and the pledge of millenniums of fruition. But while we are fully sensible of its benefits, there is no reason why we should not be careful to eliminate its drawbacks. If the time was when forests were to be cleared and waste places reclaimed, the time may come, perhaps it is close at hand, when the growth of cities must be checked. With all the light and knowledge they bring, it is possible they may corrupt the homely manners of country folk by evil communications, and infuse into village faith a spirit of irreverence and unbelief. Such progress would simply be going back; it would be the mouldering, not the ripening of the fruit. It does not scare us from our post to leave the chariot of civilization lying in the ruts, as it did Mr. Southey in his "Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society;" but it puts us on our guard lest the wheels should take fire, or the engine be carried off the rails.

A complaint is raised in various parts of the country of the decrease in the number of public footpaths. People, it is said, are deprived of ancient rights and privileges, and many well-known ways, winding pleasantly through park or meadow, are heartlessly obstructed or closed. Whimsical expedients are sometimes resorted to with a view of rendering a path unfrequented, as when the owner sets up a stile so high that the female who reaches the upper bar is likely to remain there as a fixture. But this decrease of by-ways is not always owing to green fields and beautiful tracts being swallowed up in cities. It is often lamented in the midst of broad acres, where bricks and mortar are as yet unknown. The student who has been wont to saunter with book in hand through a fir-plantation in summer-time is stopped by a quick-set hedgerow in the middle of his walk. The child returning from the village street to her home in the wood finds the stile she used to creep through densely interlaced with thorns, and sets down



her pitcher to cry. The boys who on holiday afternoons used to sail their boats in the hollows of the brook, or paddle about between the stepping-stones with bare feet, see the paths that sloped to it ploughed up, and spell over an angry notice about trespassers. But such disappointments would be light, if it were not for more serious inconveniences. Perhaps, the cottagers of an entire hamlet are debarred from their short cut home, and compelled to make the circuit of a mile at least. Perhaps, the good people of a neighbouring town are deprived of their healthiest walk, where the wild flowers are sweetest, and a rustic seat beguiles the toil of the ascent. Their tempers are ruffled, too, against that selfish old baronet, and the steward of that young nobleman who spends all his time on the Continent. If they could only prove a right of footway, they would go to law; but ought not long usage, which no one denies, to be treated with more respect? "It is hard," they say, "not to be able to get away from the reek of the limekiln, and see our children at play among the chestnut-trees. We love the green and sunny spots of the earth all the more because we have been all the week casting and balancing at a desk, or standing behind a busy counter. How many pleasures lie hidden in a league of grass! It brings to mind the merry days when we were young, and braces our nerves for the jars and skirmishes of daily life."

We cannot blame persons who are smarting under such privations for writing letters of complaint to provincial papers, and we hope that in every town and village resolute champions will step forward in defence of their cause. The poor and the middle classes are alike interested in retaining for their use every space available for exercise, relaxation, and pure air. Crabbed, indeed, must be the fine lord at the castle, or the squire at the hall, who grudges the labourer with bill-hook and hedging-gloves in his hand, or with the scythe on his shoulder, the privilege of passing occasionally at a distance across the park or wood. If ploughing, reaping, threshing, and grinding, can be done better by steam machinery than by hand labour, so let it be; and if the carter's smock frock gets entangled in the cranks and spindles, let it go, and be kept as a curiosity with the disused threshing-flail and the big wooden plough; let it give place to the flannel shirt of the collier and miner, or to the short blouse of mechanics with a string running round the waist. If the "kittle o' steäm" must come "huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oan teäm" to the northern farmer's dismay, why, there is no help for it, let it come. Civilization, rightly controlled, can never advance too far. Improvements in machinery will not diminish agricultural employment in the long run; on the contrary, they will increase it. But the balance of things must be preserved, and all unfair aggression of town on country should be stoutly resisted. Nature is a great teacher; and her highest school is where the bee hums amid wild flowers, and the goat hangs from the toppling crag. Her most docile scholars are often found in a rustic garb, in the ploughman pausing in the furrows, in the child with her porringer supping on her brother's tomb, in the widow sitting with needles and bobbins at the cottage door. On such as these the budding brakes, the whistling winds, the scudding clouds, have exerted more influence than they are aware of, and helped to preserve in their character that freshness of hue, that ruggedness of outline, that simple and severe individuality, to which town life is generally fatal.

#### MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

WHEN a young man falls in love, or fancies that he has fallen in love, or, with a shrewdness worthy of a disciple of Mammon, sees that a matrimonial partnership with Emily Brown would be a profitable investment of all that Mars and Adonis may have bequeathed to him, his mind naturally directs itself to how he had best proceed. It is more than probable that he mentions his views to one or two trusty friends who have seen a few more summers than himself. He cannot keep his secret; and in divulging it, he realizes the enjoyment of communicating to another a portion of the sweet load which embarrasses his heart, and at the same time raises the all-important question, How he ought to approach the loadstone of his existence with the best possible chance of securing the lovely prize. Most men are ready with advice. As depositories of the precious secret, they will be far more ready with their advice how to act than with their sympathy with his wounded heart. It is possible that our young adventurer in the field of Cupid will be advised, in the most unequivocal manner, to make love to Emily's mamma. The outworks of the citadel must be stormed before the citadel itself can be taken possession of. This is so obvious to our freshman that he forthwith

acts upon the advice, and brings the artillery of his *suaviter in modo* to bear upon the opposing fortress. It generally turns out that mamma is not more dragon-like than the majority of British matrons. She does not dislike the little attentions of Robert; nay, more, she would positively miss them if they were discontinued; and, without being aware of the effect of her remarks, she has spoken so highly of him to Emily that all the objections which her worldly wisdom might have urged against the wooer of her daughter—if he had not ingratiated himself with her in the first instance—have been swept away by the very lightest of field artillery, and the last *tableau* of the last scene of the last act of the comedy is the wedding-breakfast, with mamma, consoling herself over the loss of her daughter in the belief that she has gained a son. Thus far, all has gone on smoothly,—the most amiable Robert has carried his point, but henceforth mamma has to pay the penalty of being a "mother-in-law."

It cannot fairly be charged against the English in general that they are an ungenerous people. Indeed, their generosity displays itself in acts at every turn. Perhaps the very virtue of generosity is developed into an unhealthy liberality. But liberality, generosity, toleration, and their attendant virtues, even if forced into supernatural growth, will always command the sympathy of Englishmen, and will continue to take a deep root in the hearts of the people. And yet to what a host of little traditional prejudices are we the unreasonable victims. Haters by instinct and education of injustice and oppression in every form, yet are we the unconscious promoters of endless acts of uncharitableness. Is there a class in the social community more sinned against than mothers-in-law? It would seem that the mere title "mother-in-law" is a social target against which all the major and minor wits of the day are expected to wing their arrows. A man must have a good deal of moral courage to take the side of a mother-in-law. And yet what have they done to merit this unenviable distinction? They have furnished a certain class of novel writers with a standing stock-in-trade, which the poorness of their wit has been unable to draw from any other source. For it surely cannot be a sign of wit that a writer of fiction, because some master of his art may have introduced into his plot a designing low-minded mother-in-law, should present to his readers another mother-in-law, answering, according to his power of delineation, to all the odious characteristics which, under the hand of a first-rate artist, stood out in his story with such telling effect. It is not too much to say that the exception in every possible form of variation has been again and again reproduced, until the morbidly false representation is substituted for the wholesome reality.

Does not the mother-in-law soon become the grandmother of our children? In her capacity of grandmother does the law of fiction hold her up as a warning to young married couples? As grandmother she is generally welcomed and made much of; and as that writer has not yet shown himself who is strong enough to pass off grandmothers as current under another image and superscription than that of amiable elderly ladies prone to indulge their children's children, let us say happy are the mothers-in-law when they change their title, although it be for a less youthful one. But mothers-in-law have a claim to be righted in some less indirect way than by absorption into grandmamas. It is not an easy matter, however, to persuade a rising generation, whose experience of life is mainly drawn from the sensational novels of the day, that mothers-in-law are not persons with whom we ought to be on our guard. So interwoven with the ideas which govern society is the notion that they are aggressive, that when a man for instance mentions to two or three friends that his wife's mother is on a visit at his house, the suggestive smile may be reckoned upon as the befitting acknowledgment of the intelligence. Looking at an English lady of the ordinary type, surrounded by her children, we see, as a rule, a bond of affection uniting the household. They are all and each intimate members of a community having joint interests. It is beyond all dispute that the mother loves her daughters, and that they love her in return. The nature of the love which the mother manifests towards her daughters does not indicate that she is prepared to wittingly sacrifice the happiness of any one of them to gratify her own views of convenience. In other words, her love is genuine, combining the force of instinct with the refinement of civilization. She has trained them with a mother's care, and has watched their development into womanhood with a mother's anxiety. And her recompense? To what does she look forward to compensate her for all her care and anxiety? Is it not to see her daughters prudent and careful mothers like herself—and not only like herself, but much better than herself. Without a shadow of a doubt, then, she



has the true interests of her daughters at heart, and, to use a homely expression, her heart is set upon seeing them happily settled in life, the mistresses of well-regulated households. And the day at length arrives when at the wedding-breakfast she plays her part in the last scene of the last act of her direct control over the daughter whose happiness she has consented to intrust to the keeping of another. The drama of her immediate motherhood has been played out—and a new drama is about to be represented in her daughter's regard from playing some part in which she cannot conceive herself to be excluded. Now what should we expect, in the natural order of things, would be the part that she would take? It was clear to us that she loved her daughter with all the strength and purity of a mother's love up to the wedding-day, and we cannot conceive the existence of any law of nature which could possibly lessen that love at the very moment when the mother's eye is at length gladdened with the sight of the first blossom of the harvest of her hopes. Our experience of nature tells us that the object of maternal love and solicitude must become from that moment inexpressibly dearer to the mother's heart. We could not suppose for a moment that all that active interest which for so many years she had taken in her daughter's welfare would suddenly cease. It is utterly impossible that the affectionate activity of the mother's love could suddenly disappear under the guise of a passive spectator. And it is quite as impossible to suppose that she could imperil her daughter's happiness by displaying her love in so officious a manner as to excite a divided interest where there should be but one.

It must, however, be admitted that in some cases through over-zeal, or possibly through selfishness, this result is brought about. It may be that the mother-in-law owes to the too anxious discharge of her duty the unflattering position she occupies in our current literature. It is her interference with "the young people" that the young people resent. True, she may have been wanting in tact occasionally in the exercise of her office, and her son-in-law and daughter were not slow to convict her for her indiscretion of speech in some little detail of the general supervision which she has, in all good faith, exercised over their happiness; and they may have done their best to deprive themselves of their truest friend by tarnishing all her acts with the colour of one little piece of impolitic interference. We are not blind, of course, to the instances which have occurred, and too frequently occur, of mothers trafficking in the market, and afterwards becoming a positive nuisance to their sons-in-law. Men are justified, indeed, in being wary of marrying into a family whose female head is of this despicable type. But the exception does not destroy the rule. If we have once encountered a Müller in a railway carriage we do not expect to meet with his counterpart every time we take the train. The true aspect of the case is evident. If a mother has loved her child and persevered in loving her up to the day of her wedding, is it not a matter of certainty almost that she will love her to the end with the same disinterested love which she manifested towards her before she left her mother's roof? If Robert and Emily, then, are tempted to tar the grandmother of their children with the same brush with which so many mothers-in-law have been tarred, it will be well for them to look back and ask themselves whether the thing they meditate would not argue an act of ingratitude on their part towards one who has been their most faithful ally, from the possibility of the like of which being reproduced in their own children they would recoil with horror. Let this test be brought to bear upon mothers-in-law and they need not fear the result.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

WHEN Cambridge is exceptionally lively with discussions upon Professorships of Anatomy and Zoology, and a Lectureship from Harvard University, we can make but a poor appearance. Oxford is quite "the cool, sequestered vale of life," at present in a state of almost millennial calm; no questions are harassing men's minds with the prospect of a fight in Congregation; the appointment of a Head to a Hall is accepted without criticism; the election of a Curator to the Bodleian is only a "walk over;" Mr. Burgon is lying down and eating straw, without any further molestation of Mr. Sandford; and the Sunday question seems for the present to be dropped. Christ Church is paying less to Mr. Grant the butler, but is saddled with the salary of Mr. Faussett the commissariat officer. To an outsider this may look like robbing Peter to pay Paul, but the undergraduates feel pleased that there is a change of some sort, and when their battel-bills come in at the end of term they will be able to report on how much they have saved under the new system. It is understood now that the kitchen officials in Christ Church may be bullied with more impunity and more effect

than used to be the case. There was a time when a young gentleman of the house happened to make a complaint because there was no kidney in the loin of lamb which he had ordered. His modest remonstrance was met by the remarkable answer, "The hanimal is too young yet, sir, to have any."

This term has seen the birth of a new periodical, called the *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, which is published every other Wednesday. Containing, as it does, only eight pages, of the size of the LONDON REVIEW, inclusive of advertisements, and costing sixpence a number, we fear it does not yet see its way to a very extended circulation; but we hope prosperity may smile upon it more graciously than its wont is towards such adventures in this University. To many men in many colleges we doubt not the detailed account of sports, races, and games will be interesting, and the idea of publishing "Public-school intelligence" seems to be a happy one. One portion of the duty which this paper marks out for itself is the correction of abuses; and, after a gentle allusion to the Christ Church extortions in No. 1, we are glad to see a very manly protest in No. 2 against the abominable behaviour of undergraduates at public entertainments in the city. The truth is not concealed that the vulgarity of some of these hobbledoys, with their shouting and their smoking, has made it an impossibility for any lady, and indeed for almost any respectable person, to be present. "Are you going to see so and so?" asks a visitor to Oxford of a resident. "Oh, no, there's sure to be a row with the undergraduates," is the stereotyped answer. We thank the youthful editor for bringing forward this abuse; but we do not think that any amount of protestation will cure matters as long as we see the announcement of trumpery fifth-rate performances, week after week, "By permission of the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor and the Worshipful the Mayor." As long as the Mayor never does say "no," and the Vice-Chancellor does not like to say no, so long we shall have the practice retained of turning the entertainments at the Town Hall into a bear-garden.

The Oxford Union Society and its proceedings naturally have found a place in the *Undergraduates' Journal*, the editor believing that offence could not be given so long as no personalities, no details, no rough sketches of speeches, with the names of the speakers, appeared in print; and this certainly comes within the rules laid down by the society itself, one of which (No. li.) provides that "no abstract or report of speeches delivered at the society's meetings shall be published, &c.;" but a more stringent rule was the other night brought forward, and although it was lost upon a division of the House, a poll has been demanded upon it. The new rule is to run thus:—"No notice or report of the proceedings of the society which alludes individually to any members of the society shall be published in any newspaper or periodical whatsoever, and the President shall be empowered to take steps to prevent such a publication." The design of this must be to inhibit the names of men appearing as having voted this side or that upon the various questions brought forward for debate, fearing that such publicity may do some damage to the speakers. But this must surely be a groundless fear so long as the motions are not more pronounced or more violent than the general ones which appear upon the list. The President has the selection of the subject. He is not likely to choose, nor is any one likely to propose, that "the Christian religion is a mistake," or that "regicide is praiseworthy;" and even if Brown, Jones, and Robinson vote on the heterodox side, say, on the Irish Church question, it will not damage their chance of a curacy. After all, however, we do not see that any purpose is served by the publication of names, and even if it were not so, the Union Society has a perfect right to decide for itself what it likes and what it dislikes.

Somewhat late in the day, but still full of interest for Oxford men, is Mr. Caldicott's analysis of the poll-book in the recent University election. Mr. Caldicott gives us thirteen pages of figures, in making up the statistics of votes in all the colleges and halls. The results of the tables are not a little startling. He sums them up in the nine following statements:—

1. Of the Classmen of the University there voted for Mr. Gladstone, 1,055; for Mr. Hardy, 767.
2. A majority of Classmen voted for Mr. Gladstone in nineteen colleges and halls.
3. The colleges and halls in which Mr. Hardy had a majority of Classmen are Brasenose, St. John's, Worcester, Magdalen Hall, and St. Edmund Hall.
4. Of first classes, Mr. Gladstone's voters have a majority in twenty colleges and halls; in one, Pembroke College, the first classes are equal; and in one, Magdalen Hall, the voters for Mr. Hardy have a majority of one.
5. The number of first classes represented by Mr. Gladstone's voters is to that represented by Mr. Hardy's in the proportion of something more than three to one.
6. Of second classes, Mr. Gladstone's voters have a majority in twenty-one colleges and halls; Mr. Hardy's in two, Brasenose and Worcester.
7. Of the twenty-two classes in which honours are awarded in the two public examinations, Mr. Gladstone's voters represent a majority in seventeen. Mr. Hardy's represent a majority in five, viz., the third class in natural science, and the lowest honours in classics and mathematics in each of the two public examinations.
8. Of University scholarships and prizes, Mr. Gladstone's voters represent 281; Mr. Hardy's, 58.
9. Of public examinerships and masterships in the schools, Mr. Gladstone's voters represent 165; Mr. Hardy's, 57.



The subjoined table gives the total—

	1st Classes.	2nd Classes.	3rd Classes.	4th Classes.	Univ. Schol. & Prizes.	Examiner- ships.
Plumpers Mr. Gladstone ...	130	124	65	54	68	40
Split Votes .....	345	382	255	173	213	125
Total .....	475	506	320	227	281	165
Plumpers Sir W. Heathcote ...	3	13	10	6	2	—
Split Votes .....	488	695	564	411	271	182
Total .....	491	708	574	417	273	182
Plumpers Mr. G. Hardy ...	2	3	2	3	—	—
Split Votes .....	143	313	309	238	58	57
Total .....	145	316	311	241	58	57

If there is nothing else in this list to arrest special attention—though many do consider it very significant—it reminds us, at any rate, of a strange fact which does not often come before us, viz., that in the two public examinations there are no less than twenty-two classes to be awarded. Surely there are many steps up to the temple of fame.

The readers of "The Knights of Aristophanes" will remember how Demos wanted to blow his nose and had no pocket-handkerchief, and how Cleon and the sausage-seller rush forward and offer their heads for the purpose, *ἰμοῦ μὲν οὖν. ἰμοῦ μὲν οὖν.*—"Do take mine." "No, pray use mine." It reminds us irresistibly of this scene when we read Colonel Lindsay's letters in the *Times* wooing the G. W. R. to Abingdon. "Do come," he says, "kind gentlemen; here you shall have gravelly soil, chapels, schools, churches—for next to nothing." "Don't think of leaving us after your promise," cries the Oxford citizen. "Cripsey meadow is not very swampy, and is remarkably healthy (!), and the freemen will give you the bit of land after all, *ἰμοῦ μὲν οὖν—ἰμοῦ μὲν οὖν.*" For it seems that the Corporation leased Cripsey Meadow to the Company, telling them that there was a beautiful bit of ground just by from which they could get the soil wanted for raising the Cripsey level. Now this plot of ground belongs to the freemen of Oxford, and is to them what the vineyard was to Naboth. So when the Corporation said to the freemen, "We've arranged for you to sell that strip of ground, you know," they replied, after their manner. "The dickens, you have!" So, at present, there is a hitch in the proceedings; and, during the delay, there is a brisk competition resumed for the hand of the frail and fickle fair one, who, having just paid a two per cent. dividend on ordinary stock, and 17s. 6d. on the West Midland, must feel extremely desirous of commencing extensive excavations in our swampy meadows. *Mais—chacun à son goût.*

Balliol has just achieved a first, and a *proximè*, in the Hertford Scholarship, viz., Messrs. Nettleship and R. Reid. Brasenose is enjoying a "double first" on the river, being head in the torpids and in the Eights. A different form of distinction, but one not altogether unpopular in Oxford.

The Curators of the Bodleian Library have consented to receive on their premises the Gladstone memorial—in the shape of a bust, with Homeric friezes on the base. What shall the subjects be? If we are not strictly tied to Homer, we might have Mr. G. Hardy as Cacus dragging the symbolic Oxford bull in a retrograde direction,

candaque prehensum  
Traxerat aversum Cacus in antra bovem;

or Mr. Gladstone as winged Pegasus just let loose from academical harness; or the University itself in the guise of Homeric Glaucus, when Zeus took away his wits and made him strike a bad bargain, getting brass in return for gold and the value of nine oxen at the price of a hundred. There are plenty of appropriate subjects that will suggest themselves to the classic mind.

BURKE'S "Extinct Peerage," a book which has long been a rarity with genealogists and others interested in the descent of great folks, has just been reprinted by Messrs. Harrison, of Pall Mall. Numerous coats of arms have been added to the new issue, which were not in the old edition.

HOW POOR-RATES ARE SPENT.—What are at present called poor-rates include expenditure of a very heterogeneous and miscellaneous character. The cost of parochial proceedings at law, or in equity, payments for or towards the county, hundred, or borough rates; a police rate, constables' expenses, and cost of proceedings before justices, payments on account of the Registration Act, vaccination fees, expenses allowed in respect of Parliamentary or municipal registrations, payments under the Parochial Assessment Act (for surveys and valuations), and loans repaid under the same, all come out of the sum collected as poor-rates. Thus, although in the year ended Lady-day, 1864, the total amount raised in the metropolis under this head was £1,489,732; only £876,292 was expended on relieving the poor; and while a uniform rate of 1s. 2<sup>½</sup>d. in the pound for the year would provide for all charges of administration and relief, the present average poor-rate upon the whole of London is much higher, being 3s. 5<sup>½</sup>d. in the pound on its rateable value. That nearly half our poor-rates should be applied to other purposes than relieving the poor, is in itself a glaring anomaly, and one causing needless confusion and irritability in the minds of the people taxed.—J. C. Parkinson in "The Fortnightly Review."

## THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. IX.—A CHURCH LADDER—ST. PAUL'S AND ST. MICHAN'S—THE ESTABLISHMENT AT MISSIONARY WORK—AN AFFECTIONATE INVITATION—THE REV. DR. STANDFORD—REV. MR. MARRABLE—LORD SHAFTESBURY—ST. MARY'S—THE REV. DR. MONAHAN—THE BLACK CHURCH—GRANGE GORMAN—AN ANGLICAN PRIEST—THE REV. W. MATURIN—ST. THOMAS'S AND ITS RECTOR—GEORGE'S CHURCH—A SINGING PASTOR—PAY OF THE DUBLIN CURATES—TOTAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH POPULATION AND ITS COST PER HEAD.

THERE is a curious routine of promotion in connection with the livings in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church. The rule has hitherto been that whoever happened to be elected to the prebend of St. Michael's ascended step by step through several parishes till he came to one of the three best, when a vacancy occurred. Thus the prebendary of St. Michael's proceeded first to St. John's, second to St. Michan's, and then to St. Mary's, St. Thomas's, or St. George's. The last four parishes are at the north side of the city. With regard to the parish of St. George's, however, the Dean and Chapter enjoy only the alternate presentation. St. Paul's is another of the parishes at the north side of the Liffey in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church. But we are not sure whether it forms one of the steps of this ladder of promotion. It has been possessed by the present incumbent, the Rev. Wm. J. H. Le Fanu, for the long space of thirty-two years. The net value is £213. The total population of the parish is 10,000, spread very thickly over an area of 114 acres. Of this population—almost exactly what it was sixty-eight years ago—2,635 belong to the Established Church and 7,074 are Roman Catholics, the remainder being Dissenters of various sects. The church, which is a substantial convenient building with a large tower, has accommodation, including the galleries, for 600 persons. But the attendance on Sunday mornings is not more than a fifth of that number. The Protestant constabulary from the reserved depôt in Phoenix-park helps to swell the congregation, and there is a considerable number of children. Setting aside the constabulary, the number of adults of both sexes who regularly attend this old church, is probably not more than 50, which is about the number I saw there lately. This is a small fraction out of a Church population of about 2,500, and a total population of 10,000. Yet this is all the Establishment does in this very poor district for the spiritual instruction and guidance of the people. The rector is an amiable man, always at his post, doing duty also as chaplain of the debtors' prison called the City Marshalsea. He is said to be descended from Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but he does not seem to have inherited any of the genius of that gifted family. On the contrary, he appears to be quite at home in an old church, situated in an old part of the city, where everything around seems to be sleeping, antiquated, and decaying.

Within a short distance of St. Paul's is the parish church of St. Michan's the only church in Dublin bearing the name of a Danish saint. It is a capacious, antique-looking building, with a square tower, situated in a large grave-yard, crowded with ancient monuments. No wonder it was a favourite burying-place, for its vaults have an anti-septic quality, which prevents decomposition. Here lie the bodies, still undecayed, of the brothers Sheares, villainously betrayed by Captain Armstrong, and hanged as rebels in 1798. The gross income of the parish is £512, but the net income is set down at £257. There is church accommodation for 1,300 people, though the total Church population of all ages is only 1,263, while the Roman Catholic population is 18,576. The district is very thickly populated, and remarkably poor—so destitute of houses that indicate anything like thriving even on a small scale, not to speak of prosperity, or any means of employment for the masses that occupy the wide range of miserable, narrow streets and lanes, in the midst of which the church is situated—that one wonders how those people can possibly manage to exist.

Here, then, is a parish in which, if anywhere, the work of the Establishment, as "a missionary institution," might be supposed to be carried out with the best chance of success. Among the clergy who have the strongest feeling with reference to the rights and duties of the Establishment in relation to the Roman Catholics is Dr. Stanford, a former rector of this almost exclusively Roman Catholic parish. During his incumbency, therefore, he endeavoured to carry out this idea, and set about converting the Roman Catholic population around him. He erected schools in the graveyard for the education of their



children, and for the adults he set on foot controversial lectures in connection with the Society for Irish Church Missions. The lectures were kept up incessantly, on Sunday evenings and week days, and, by means of handbills containing questions about the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and challenges addressed to its clergy, which were sown broadcast over the parish, Roman Catholics were "affectionately invited to attend" in order to see their Church cut up and to hear their clergy denounced as deceivers and impostors. I am assured that no appreciable result followed, except the very natural one of arousing a bitter feeling of hostility in those whom the missionaries sought to win over to the Establishment. When Dr. Stanford was moved up to a better parish his place in St. Michan's was taken by the late Rev. Mr. Abbott, who discontinued the controversial lectures and did all he could to restore peace by letting the Roman Catholics alone. The Rev. Dr. Monahan, his successor, also abstained from this offensive mode of procedure. But he was very active in other respects in developing the more legitimate resources of the Church of which he is one of the most estimable and efficient ministers.

Since the present incumbent came to the parish, the polemical plan of "driving away strange and erroneous doctrine" has been resumed. Controversial classes have been reopened, and the Roman Catholics are again affectionately invited to listen to discussions which have for their object to prove that the Pope is Antichrist, and the worship of the Host idolatry. This may possibly increase the number of Conformists; but it has one effect, which is to be deplored. The children attending the parish schools are hooted as they pass through the streets, though previously they had not been molested. The incumbent, a man of ability and energy, was formerly the London Secretary of the Irish Church Missions. It is said that he owes his first step in promotion—St. Michael's—altogether to the influence of Lord Shaftesbury with the late Dean of St. Patrick's—Pakenham. It is natural that he should be zealous in the cause of Church Missions to Roman Catholics, and that the controversial spirit should be strong within him; and indeed he is only courageously carrying out the principle of aggressive warfare against the Roman Catholic Church, by which alone, in the opinion of many of its prelates and advocates, the Establishment can be defended. The majority of the Dublin clergy, however, disapprove of the system; and lest some of the most important of the city parishes should get into the possession of rectors of the Marrable stamp, it is said that Archdeacon Lee has induced the Dean and Chapter to consent to break through the rotation in future, so that "outsiders" more eligible may hope to be elected in future to the "stop-parishes" without the necessity of stepping up the ladder from its lowest round—St. Michael's. The effect of the controversial system on the Sunday morning attendance is certainly not encouraging; for in the large church of St. Michan's, which has sittings for 1,300 people, I found not more than about 50 adults attending the regular morning services.

St. Mary's is one of the few parishes in Dublin that affords a fair opportunity of carrying out the parochial system. It contains a number of Church people sufficient to supply a good congregation. It contains sittings for more than a thousand persons, the Church population of the parish being 4,256. But the Roman Catholic population are four to one, amounting to nearly 19,000, for which the State makes no provision. In the hands of the present rector, Dr. Monahan, it is a model parish. Although this clergyman spent much of his life in college, he has shown an extraordinary aptitude for the duties of a parish minister. Eminently distinguished as a scholar, he is at the same time most practical in his turn of mind—an energetic worker in the reform of abuses and in the development of resources—he does everything in a spirit of so much kindness and Christian meekness as to win the approval, if not the co-operation, in benevolent objects of those even who differ from him in religion. In St. Michan's he found his curates without any adequate support, one of them being obliged to keep a school; and he set to work with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and otherwise, and got them £200 a year each. And when the late Rev. Mr. Andrew died, who spent nearly thirty years as curate in the diocese, leaving his widow and family destitute, Dr. Monahan set on foot a subscription, and raised for them the sum of £2,000. The Establishment would be strong indeed in moral support if the majority of its incumbents were like the rector of St. Mary's. Fortunately, he has got a parish rich in institutions of all kinds—Sunday and boarding-schools and the finest widows' houses in Dublin. One of these is called Madame Damer's, situated in Great Britain-street, and the other, which is in Denmark-street, is also called after

its founder, Forticks. The widows of deceased householders of St. Mary's parish are the claimants of admission to the former, and are selected by a board of trustees, while those admissible to the latter are such as may appear to the rector of the parish deserving of the shelter thus provided.

During the incumbency of the late rector, the school funds of this parish suffered from extravagant expenditure. The school-house, formerly a private residence, is one of the finest houses in St. Dominick-street, a relic of the old times, when it was a fashionable quarter of the city. The doors are of massive mahogany, and the ceiling elaborately and handsomely stuccoed. There is here an extensive parochial library, which is turned to good account; indeed, all the institutions of the parish are worked by the rector and his curates in the most efficient manner. The parish church is in excellent order, and is well attended. The late rector, Mr. Abbott, closed the burial-ground, and started a subscription for taking down the heavy dismal wall by which it was surrounded, and substituted an iron railing. Dr. Monahan has had the good fortune to be promoted very rapidly, without the help of aristocratic connections, as it is only fifteen years since he was ordained, and he is now in possession of one of the best of the Dublin parishes; the rent-charge being £827, and the net income £650. Dr. Monahan has lately lost a highly-efficient curate, the Rev. Benjamin Gibson, who was also chaplain of the Rotundo Lying-in Hospital. But, in consequence of the passing of a late Act of Parliament, he could not be licensed as a curate if he continued to be a chaplain. He has, therefore, chosen the chaplaincy and resigned the curacy.

There is a chapel-of-ease connected with St. Mary's, popularly called the Black Church, originally built for the Rev. Hugh White, one of the most popular preachers of his day. It affords accommodation for 500. The senior curate is the Rev. Thomas Tomlinson, a truly estimable and exemplary minister, who has been labouring diligently in this diocese for twenty-five years, and has never got any promotion, although he has brought up a large family, one of whom is a promising minister of the Church which has treated him so unkindly. For many years he did all the duty of the parish at Bray, the vicar of which was then a brother of Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam. When he died, the late archbishop gave the living to his son, the present rector of St. Werburgh's.

There is a parish called Grange Gorman on the northern borders of the city, formed of pieces cut off St. Paul's and St. Michan's, and containing a total population of only 4,470, of which the Established Church claims 821. The living is £100 a year. This church, to which the rectors of the two parishes just mentioned appoint alternately, is quite unique in its way. Although the building is of the humblest character in size and style, it internally presents the appearance of an elaborate attempt, under difficulties, to produce a little mimic cathedral, after the high Catholic model. The rector is the Rev. W. Maturin, son of the eccentric novelist of that name, author of the tragedy of "Bertram," "Woman; or, Pour et Contre;" and "The Romance of the Albigenes," a work of powerful interest. It is related that the most brilliant productions of his genius were written in the dingy vestry of St. Peter's Church, of which he was curate, and where the duns could not reach him. His son, the present incumbent of Grange Gorman, is a man of undoubted ability and learning, an able preacher, but extremely High Church in his opinions and practices, and with a strong tincture of asceticism in his piety. He is a man of strong convictions, and very earnest in carrying them out. So completely Romanistic did the services of this church appear, that people wondered very much at their being tolerated so long by Archbishop Whately, whose works on Romanism they so aptly illustrated. But if Mr. Maturin was then in the cold shade of opposition, he is now in the sunshine of favour. The present Archbishop seems fully to appreciate his persevering endeavours to rehabilitate the ritual of the Church so as to exhibit its ancient catholicity, and clothe it in mediæval costume, albeit it was but a tawdry imitation; and consistency would seem to have required that the genuine articles should have been sought at the altars of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Maturin has proved himself to be a most disinterested man, for he has refused five or six country livings offered him by successive Governments, and he is now occupied in the erection of a new church, of course in the Gothic style, for even in the present room he has managed to produce "dim religious light" by means of painted windows covered with saints, while the Communion-table is arranged in the form of an altar, and there are all sorts of inscriptions about the place in the illuminated letters by which the monks of the middle ages displayed their artistic skill, and there is a curiously-wrought stone font near the door which might serve as a model for ritualistic artists in England. It is said that a certain amount



of jealousy is felt among the Dublin clergy at the very special consideration in which Mr. Maturin is held by the Archbishop, as of course they regard other clergymen in the diocese quite as deserving of his Grace's favour. Those who seek for some worldly motive in connection with the holiest acts and purposes account for much of the attention bestowed upon Mr. Maturin by the fact that he is connected by marriage with the family of the Rev. Dr. Todd, who is a prime favourite with the Archbishop, and from his character and position naturally possesses great influence. To any ruler of the Church, however, at all sympathizing in Mr. Maturin's views, he must, on his own account, appear entitled to the highest consideration from his zeal, devotion, and charity. He has Communion every Sunday, and once a week besides, and keeps up a choral service regularly in his church. He had for many years daily service, before others in Dublin thought of adopting the practice. He has built a good school-house, and is now, as we have remarked, building a large addition to his church. Mr. Maturin has published a volume of sermons delivered in Passion Week.

St. Thomas's parish is one of the largest and best in Dublin, containing 774 statute acres, with a total population of about 30,000, of which 6,500, or about one in five, belong to the Established Church, the Roman Catholics being more than 20,000, and the rest Protestant Dissenters. The parish church is of the same ugly type that prevailed in the last century, with signs of an attempt at a tower, which was never erected. There is accommodation for 1,500 people, and the net income is about £600, the living being in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church. The Rev. Dr. Stanford received the appointment in 1855, after being twenty years in the ministry. So large a Protestant population, not to speak of the Roman Catholics whom Dr. Stanford regards as apostolically and legally included in his charge, would fully occupy his time and energies even with the help of two curates. But his hands are full of extra-parochial work. He is a member of almost all the committees of all the religious societies in Dublin, and he is the editor of the *Christian Examiner*, a periodical established many years ago by Dr. Singer, the present Bishop of Meath, and the late Rev. Caesar Otway, a man of genius and learning. In their time it had a high literary character, and exerted much influence; but now, though it is the only Church magazine in Ireland, it has dwindled into the shabbiest form, and is felt to be a very dull and spiritless periodical, even by that section of Irish Churchmen whose religious sympathies are identical with the editor's. Dr. Stanford, however, is a learned and able man. He was a scholar of the University; he edited "Plato's Apology," was for some time the editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and is the author of "A Handbook of the Romish Controversy." But the Protestant parishioners would be better pleased if their rector let literature alone, belonged to fewer committees, and gave more of his time and attention to his parochial duties. He has two curates, but one of them, the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, is the zealous and indefatigable head of the Irish Church Missions in Dublin, which occupy most of his time. St. Thomas's Church is now closed for repairs, and is being newly pewed and painted. It needed brightening up, for it was very dismal looking, and the congregation very thin. Not so Trinity Church, in the same parish, which was built many years ago for the present Bishop of Cork, and was in his time always crowded, though it accommodates 2,000 people. Thus the voluntary principle came to the aid of the Establishment, and supplied its lack of service. This aid is about to be given on a still more extensive scale. The Rev. Messrs. Day and Hewitt, trustees of a sum of £20,000 and upwards, recently bequeathed by a Miss Shannon for the purpose of building churches in Dublin and its neighbourhood, are about to erect a second voluntary church in St. Thomas's parish.

St. George's is another of the large city parishes north of the Liffey in which the Protestants muster most numerous. It comprises a district which was very much built upon during the present century, and the population has consequently increased from 5,000 to upwards of 16,000. It comprises Mountjoy-square, Gardiner-street, Eccles-street, Cavendish-row, Great Denmark-street, and other streets chiefly inhabited by barristers and gentlemen of independent means. The Established Church population amounts to 4,490, the Roman Catholics being upwards of 11,000, or nearly three to one. St. George's Church may be said to be the only ecclesiastical edifice erected by Protestants in Dublin, since the Reformation, which is really a credit to the city. Free from the unwholesome appendage of a graveyard, it stands upon the most elevated ground in Dublin, in the centre of a rectangular area, surrounded by handsome regularly-built houses, terminating to the west in a crescent, from which diverge three

spacious streets, so that it can be fully seen in every direction. The building, cased with cut stone, presents four regular fronts. It is of the Ionic order, the decorations being executed in the most correct manner. The principal entrance is from the crescent in the centre of the western front, which is ornamented with a noble portico of four beautifully fluted Ionic columns supporting an angular pediment, with the inscription in Greek of "Glory to God in the highest." Over the portico, which extends forty-two feet, with a projection of fifteen, rises the steeple, of cut stone, highly decorated, divided into four storeys, and surmounted with a handsome spire, the entire possessing much elegance and lightness, and measuring in height 200 feet from the pavement. The interior dimensions are 84 feet by 60. The galleries are supported by projecting timbers, gracefully ornamented, rendering columns unnecessary. The decorations of the inside of the church are finished in a style which corresponds with its external beauty, the ceiling being particularly admired, while all the arrangements are admirably adapted for the convenience both of the ministers and the worshippers.

This magnificent church, situated in the midst of a numerous and opulent Protestant population, by which it ought to have been crowded, has been for many years comparatively deserted. This state of things arises from the fact that there has been little or no regard paid to the real interests of the Church, or to the spiritual welfare of the people, in the appointment of its rectors. The living is in the gift of Mr. Moses, and of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church alternately. The present incumbent, the Rev. R. Barton, was appointed by this body in 1844. He is precentor of Christ Church, and is merely a "singing" man, the grand qualification for a parish minister, in the eyes of deans and chapters, being, it appears, a good voice for intoning the service. He owes his promotion, it is said, to the late Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Lindsay, who held the Deanery of Christ Church *in commendam*. Bishop Lindsay got his friend appointed first to St. Michael's, and thence he proceeded, by easy and by certain stages, to his present position, for which, without disparaging in the least degree his personal character, it must be admitted that he is utterly unfitted. This has been long evident from the fact that all the parochial institutions, which ought to be efficient and flourishing, have been languishing and dying. The senior curate of the parish, an amiable man and a good preacher, is the son of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, a Presbyterian clergyman in this city, who was so highly esteemed as a Biblical critic and theologian that his congregation often included half a score Church clergymen. He was for many years one of the most popular preachers in Dublin. His son, the Rev. David Stuart, became a minister of the Established Church in 1851, when he was appointed to the curacy of his native parish, in which he has remained ever since. He has been obliged to eke out his income by taking the chaplaincy of the Mountjoy Government Prison. For the last few years the congregation was increased considerably by the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, who is the brother-in-law of the rector, and who has been recently promoted to the rural parish of St. Doulogh, where his eloquence is wasted, because there are no Protestants, or very few, in the parish to make a congregation.

The Dublin curates are not as badly paid as curates generally are in this country. In the larger parishes it was formerly the practice for the parishioners at the Easter vestry to assess themselves generally in the sum of £100 per annum for each curate, for a third or early morning service on Sundays. This was in addition to the legal stipend of £75 given by the rector. But since the passing of the Church Temporalities Act, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have taken upon them the payment of the curates out of the funds at their disposal, arising from abolished bishoprics, &c. In this way, and by the addition of marriage fees, the Dublin curacies are worth between £190 and £200 a year each in the larger parishes. In some cases they exceed £200, as in St. Ann's, where the senior curate is also secretary to the Charitable Musical Loan Fund; and in St. Mary's, where the senior curate holds a lectureship, called the Ramsey Lecture, worth about £20 a year. Some one Dublin curate is elected by the city rectors every third year to a lectureship on the Church Catechism, instituted by Bishop Stearne of Clogher, worth £70 per annum, and tenable for three years. Three Dublin curates now elected by each other are governors of an educational asylum in Camden-street, founded by Dr. Pleasants, an eccentric physician, and receive for their trouble £48 per annum. It thus happens that four Dublin curates are always in the enjoyment of better livings than many of the Dublin rectors. Besides, some of them, in addition to their curacies, hold chaplaincies, for which they receive special payment. The



senior curate of St. Catherine's is chaplain to the Richmond Bridewell, and the curate of St. Michael's is chaplain of Kilmainham prison. Notice is here taken only of chaplaincies held in addition to the curacies with special stipends. In St. Peter's parish, the sum total received from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for curates has been redistributed by the Archdeacon in various proportions amongst the clergy who assist him in this capacity, and who seem to have plenty of work in conducting the numerous Church services and charitable institutions in which the parish abounds, namely, the male and female boarding schools, the daily schools, the infant school, the Sunday schools, the Mutual Benefit and Clothing Fund Society, the Widows' Almshouses, the Coal and Provision Fund, &c.

The total number of officiating parochial clergy, incumbents and curates, in the city of Dublin is 61. The total amount of revenue which they receive is £14,836, allowing each curate £180 a year on an average. The total Church population in the Dublin parishes is 22,392, which is one to eight of the Roman Catholics. The number actually attending the parish churches is 11,000, and they cost the State £1. 6s. 6d. a head.

#### THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the article under the above heading in your impression of last Saturday you make a statement most prejudicial to the clergy of St. Anne's parish, and which, I feel sure, you will at once retract if you find it not in accordance with facts.

Weekly communion service was commenced in St. Anne's Church on Trinity Sunday, 1863, while Archbishop Whately did not die until the autumn of the same year. The introduction of daily service was talked of in the parish in the beginning of the same year, but, owing to the difference of opinion which prevailed as to the hour, it was not actually commenced until after the death of Archbishop Whately, but before the arrival of Archbishop Trench. Those who are acquainted with the Vicar of St. Anne's know that he is incapable of allowing his views of ministerial duty to be influenced by any one; and I trust the above explanation will satisfy you also that the improvements in St. Anne's Parish Church, to which you alluded, were not introduced either by direction of the present Archbishop of Dublin or in deference to his views.

I append my name for your information, and beg to subscribe myself,  
Your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. ANNE'S.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### HERR HILDEBRANDT'S SKETCHES.

THE large collection of water-colour drawings and sketches which Herr Hildebrandt painted while making a rapid tour round the world, is to be seen at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, where the exhibition will be continued until the Society requires the gallery for the regular exhibition of water-colour drawings. Therefore it will be necessary for those interested in seeing good sketches of China and the Chinese, Japan, Manilla, and some other parts of the far East, to take advantage of the short time during which the exhibition can be seen. The whole collection consists of about 300 drawings, and it was shown in Paris in the summer of last year, with very considerable approval, if we may judge from the long descriptions given by some of the principal journals, and the compliments paid to the artist-traveller by such competent writers as M. Théophile Gautier in the *Moniteur*, and M. Paul de Saint Victor in the *Presse*. About half the contents of Herr Hildebrandt's portfolio are, however, sufficient to fill the gallery. These have been selected chiefly as illustrating China and Japan, and they afford in many respects a better idea of those countries and the people than has hitherto been given by artists. At the same time we are by no means prepared to say that Herr Hildebrandt appears by his work to be quite as well qualified as we could wish, although undoubtedly he is a very clever sketcher, a good colourist, and an artist possessing the rare gift of industry. His contribution to our more familiar knowledge of places and people, which is to be acquired in this way, is a valuable one, and will be appreciated in England as it deserves—for the general characteristics of picturesque treatment and truthfulness in the representation of the great variety of objects which to a European eye are so strange. The fault of almost all professional artists who travel is that they unintentionally paint all they see too much like their own country; the mere habit of looking for certain effects and painting them seems to spoil the eye and hand for new scenes and the distinctive characters of the people. It frequently happens that amateurs who have lived in a country a long time make far more exact representations, because they have nothing to unlearn. The remarkable pictures of the American Indians by which George Catlin illustrated his travels and life amongst the people, furnish a good example of all that is desirable in this application of artistic talent, and Mr. Catlin was a self-taught artist. Colonel Crenlock's sketches of the campaigns in India and China, allowing for a certain dash of caricature, were admirable for the spirit and descriptive truth with which every figure was touched.

In the drawings of Herr Hildebrandt there is no lack of the faculty to seize general character as we see in the many excellent views of the Chinese cities, but the desire to come into closer contact with the interiors of the dwellings and the shops, and to see more into the faces of the people, so very different from ourselves, is not gratified. We are shown in most cases a somewhat distant view, as in the extensive view over the great city of Peking, which looks like a vast plain covered with grey hillocks of every odd form possible, from the thousands of mud and tile roofs of this colour, with here and there a pagoda or gateway rising up, but not distinctly to be made out. Some of these characteristic structures are shown nearer, however, in drawings more accurately studied, but in none could we feel quite satisfied that the detail was made out as it might be. Herr Hildebrandt, it appears, stayed only three weeks at Peking, where he was the guest of Sir Charles Bruce, and this would scarcely allow time for anything more than the rapid sketching we have in the drawings of Peking, all of which are highly interesting as far as they go, and perhaps on this account make the spectator only the more regret that the artist had not the time in his flying journey to be more precise. Some of the street views in Peking, though evidently heavy and dark in colour for a climate so clear and where so much coloured decoration is employed, are strikingly characteristic. There is one of a circular street (69) with buildings in the centre and a wide road with a sort of paved footway, the houses covered with coarse ornament and very much painted, each shop having a long strip of coloured cloth hanging down from the highest part of the house, which is the Chinaman's sign-board, and bears those symbols we know so well on the tea-chests in all sorts of colours and gilding. A crowd of people fills the street, at some distance off, but the foreground is deserted, and it is this that detracts from the merit of the drawing.

The drawings of the Yuang Ching Yuang, or Imperial Palace and Imperial Summer Palace, show exteriors of such insignificance that it is difficult to imagine how this ugliness is to be reconciled with the great beauty of its kind, displayed in the furniture and many of those ornamental objects which have been exhibited in London and Paris as part of the spoils of the war. A bridge across a river in the pleasure grounds of the palace—which appears to be made of earthenware, as most of the architectural ornaments of the Chinese are—has a very pleasing effect, and leads us to conjecture that an observant artist might find many more features of this kind. But Herr Hildebrandt has an eye for effects of rich colour, and is more at his ease in the close street views where the painted lanterns, and the long strips of gay-coloured cloth in deep blue and black and crimson, with the large Chinese characters upon them, form a singularly rich and brilliant picture, with the olive and yellow-skinned people. Silk-street, in Canton, with a busy crowd of dyers, workmen, and shops, is one of the best of this kind; and there is one of a similar street in Tientsin, which we take to be a district of Shanghai. Physic-street, in Canton, is another; and the savage-looking slum in Hong-Kong, most aptly named the "street of the Pirates," of which the artist has made a good picture by his clever management of the "pirates' clothes hanging to dry on lines across the narrow street. Some of the so-called gates with the pagodas, in Canton, are very rickety-looking affairs of very rude work, the frame apparently made of timber, painted red, and supporting the huge and rough tiles. There are no structures, indeed, to be seen in these drawings which have the least pretension to architectural importance, with the exception of the two or three lofty pagodas, and none that show any of the strength indispensable to antiquity, which one would suppose, in the architecture of so old a nation, would be found, especially if the conjecture of Mr. Fergusson be true, that the Chinese are of the same original stock as the Egyptians. European influence, although exercised now for more than a century, seems to have no effect whatever on the Chinese, not even on their shipping, in which respect it might be supposed they would have learnt something from our sailors. The views of the river at Canton, if correct, as we must suppose, though crowded with boats and vessels, show no deviation from the clumsy junk form of hull, and the simple rigging with matting sail. While we have taken to the Chinese habit of tea-drinking to such a degree that the custom with us is absolutely more national than with them, they do not appear to have learnt anything in return. In these drawings, however, it must be remarked, that the artist has not shown us the better class of Chinese and Japanese; his figures are generally workmen and fishermen. A picture of the interior of a theatre at Macao during a performance, of which the Chinese are passionately fond, is a very clever sketch, and, small as it is, gives a very good idea of the odd way in which theatrical matters work in China. As in most other things they are in this just the opposite of the Europeans, the anxiety of the manager is to empty his house, not to fill it; the people get possession lawfully, but they decline to leave the house at the end of the performance, which lasts about two hours, and then begins again, going on throughout the day. In this picture the house is crowded, and the gods of the gallery are seen perched on long bamboos, which stretch across the house, like so many monkeys. To dislodge an audience in such a strong position, Herr Hildebrandt tells us, is no easy matter, and the manager's ordinary means of persuasion is by firing small projectiles at them, and if this fails they are attacked with large water squirts.

The views of Japan, especially of Nagasaki, afford Herr Hildebrandt an opportunity for displaying to greater advantage his feeling for landscape beauty. The scenery is richly wooded, with many beautiful tracts of low mountains covered with trees, and



abundant vegetation; the atmosphere has a good deal of the blue haze of our climate, and the coast is not unlike some parts of Devonshire. In Manilla it is surprising to see some streets of timber houses which might have been transported from Stratford-on-Avon, or any other old English town, only that they are rather more gaily painted than ours were, even in the middle ages. The drawing 124 is remarkable for these extremely neat and prettily painted houses at Manilla. Herr Hildebrandt shows himself a water-colour painter of very great power in some of his pictures of the terrific storms known as the "typhoons" of the Eastern seas. 105, "A Taifoon on the Coast of Japan," is wonderfully effective for so small a work, and there are difficulties in the dark purple mist and whirling clouds which few of our most expert water-colourists could grapple with so successfully, and without becoming absurdly extravagant in the attempt, as Mr. Hildebrandt has. We noticed also in several sunset effects upon the rivers very fine feeling for all the richness of tone and transparency which are so pleasing in water-colour; so that the artist has well sustained his reputation as a member of the Berlin Academy and medallist in the great French Exhibition of 1855. In exhibiting his works in London, however, the comparison is inevitable between them and that remarkable collection of sketches made by one of our own artists, Mr. Simpson, who, like Herr Hildebrandt, accomplished a journey of great enterprise into far distant countries of Asia, reaching to the alpine regions of Thibet and Cashmere, and returning, after travelling many thousand miles, with more than two hundred highly finished sketches. These drawings, it will be remembered, were exhibited at the German Gallery, and we spoke of them at the time as far surpassing, in finish and truth of representation, any works of the kind. It is a compliment we are happy to pay to Herr Hildebrandt to say that his sketches display much of the same admirable facility and general artistic ability; but Mr. Simpson chose a field for his talents abounding with exquisite beauty in nature and art, and he used this advantage with such technical skill as well to vindicate the fame of the English school of water-colour painters.

#### THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

WE alluded, in our Fine Arts Supplement, to the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's not having been even begun, although it was in 1857 that the competition models were exhibited in Westminster Hall, and certain premiums awarded to the best, not one of which however was eventually chosen for the monument to be erected. It is for Lord John Manners, then the Minister of Public Works, to explain how it was that Mr. Stevens, whose design gained one of the lowest premiums, was commissioned to execute the work, and (as it is said) received a large sum of money for the purpose of this national monument, not one stone of which has yet made its appearance. The subject has been revived in connection with the vote of a national monument to Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey, and we may well join in the indignation that has been expressed against so gross a neglect of public duty and such indifference to one of the noblest purposes in which art can serve the nation. Sculptors and painters are perpetually grumbling at the want of public patronage, and when they get it, and are half paid beforehand, this is the way they forget their obligations. Nothing can be more unfair in every way than this matter of the Wellington Monument appears to be. The award of the commission was not made to the model which gained the first place in the competition. A sculptor, whose reputation was unknown, gets the commission, to be assisted by a sculptor of high repute, and all the other sculptors are thus cleverly shut out; for ten years the country, having paid the premiums, waits, and may never see any monument at all in return, while better men have been deprived of their opportunity; and, worse than all, the cause of art suffers.

#### MUSIC.

DURING the silent period of our great operatic establishments music in London has been sustained by the Monday Popular Concerts with their offshoots, the Saturday afternoon performances, and the oratorios given at Exeter Hall by the two rival institutions; the Sacred Harmonic and National Choral Societies. In these last-named performances, there has been no novelty or approach to novelty if we except the revival of Haydn's "Seasons," by the Sacred Harmonic Society, three weeks since. It is really time that these societies did something a little out of the beaten track they have been pursuing for so many seasons. Surely, with their resources, they could grapple with some of the choral works of Sebastian Bach—if even only one or two of his smaller church cantatas. While on this subject, we may ask what has become of the new society, the "Concordia," instituted last year, the professed object of which was to produce great choral works hitherto unheard or little known here?

At the last Monday Popular Concert, our eminent pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, strikingly exemplified those anomalies in her playing to which we have before alluded. In Beethoven's ideal and dreamy solo sonata in E, Op. 109, while faultless in mechanical execution, Madame Goddard entirely missed the interpretation of the poetical and abstract spirit of the composition. Sudden and abrupt alternations of the extreme *forte* and an almost inaudible *pianissimo* do not constitute natural expression, but resemble rather those violent fits and starts that characterize

that most artificial, and nearly extinct, school of acting which relies for its effects on a series of startling points shot forth at pretty regular intervals. On the other hand, in Mendelssohn's second trio (in C minor) Madame Goddard's performance was in every way admirable. Nothing could exceed the vigour and certainty of her execution of the enormously difficult arpeggio and octave passages with which the work abounds; while the passion and sentiment of the composition being more demonstrative and realistic than in Beethoven's profoundly abstract sonata above referred to, was realized by the player in a manner that was as satisfactory as, to us, her rendering of those later works of Beethoven to which we particularly refer is unsatisfactory.

Her Majesty's Theatre, still under the management of Mr. Mapleson, is announced to open for the season on April 7.

That estimable violinist, composer, and theorist, Herr Molique, has announced a farewell concert for April 23, previous to his leaving England.

Miss Ellen Bliss, a pupil of Mr. Benedict, gave her first concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday, when she displayed considerable talent in her performance of several pianoforte pieces, of various schools and styles.

THE "ART JOURNAL" FOR MARCH.—The three steel plates in the new number of the *Art Journal* are all very poor. They are—"The Cavalier," from a composition by Herring, Bright, and Baxter; "Chastity," from a picture by Frost; and "Religion," from a statue by Mr. J. Edwards in Highgate Cemetery. Eugène de Block is the Belgian artist criticised and illustrated; and Mr. P. G. Hamerton contributes an article on "Lake Surfaces," with some very curious and beautiful woodcuts. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall discourse of Professor Wilson; and Mr. Fairholt furnishes some observations on the late William Harvey and the wood engravers of his era. Mr. Ruskin does not appear this month.

#### SCIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy, M. Ad. Chatin read a very valuable paper upon the structure and function of the septum of the chambers in the anther. In a paper which we have already noticed, he pointed out that the anther of the flower is divided, somewhat like the seed-vessel, by a number of projecting walls, to which he has given the name of placentoids. He now describes the arrangement of the other divisions of the pollen-cases. The septum, he says, is the partition of tissue which divides the cavity of the anther into two separate chambers. It may present any of the three following conditions:—1. It may be entirely composed of a layer of tissue, directly continuous with that of the "connective." 2. It may be constituted entirely by the valves of the anther-chamber reflected upon the "connective." 3. It may be derived from both of these sources.

M. Labord writes to the *Comptes-Rendus* to show that in some measure he is to be regarded as the discoverer of ozone:—"Some years ago," he observes, "I called attention to the beneficial action of electricity in purifying air which is charged with miasmata which produce epidemics; now, since ozone is only oxygen modified by electricity, it is seen that ozonometric observations fully confirm my views."

Signor Secchi has written a letter to M. Elie de Beaumont concerning the spectrum of Tempel's comet, which he has lately been investigating. He has found that the spectrum produced by the light of this body consists of only three bands; one, which corresponds to two-fifths of the distance between Fraunhofer's lines *b* and *f*; the colour of this is green, and though it is bright, it differs from those of the nebula by its size. The other two bands were too small and feebly developed for M. Secchi to discover their exact position; one is near the principal red band, and the other is at some distance from the violet one. From these facts Signor Secchi concludes that comets are bodies whose constitution is closely allied to that of the nebulae, although they differ from them in their refrangibility of light.

Madame de Castelnau requests the French Academy to direct its commissioners to examine with the aid of the solar microscope the animalcules to which she attributes the development of cholera, and specimens of which she offers to place at their disposal.

An important essay upon the purification of coal-gas has been written by Professor Anderson, of Queen's College, Birmingham, and has been published for private circulation. It relates chiefly to the methods discovered by the author for the successful removal of bisulphide of carbon and the sulphuretted hydrocarbon by the employment of the sulphides of ammonium. By washing the gas with this compound a very large proportion (nearly 35 per cent.) of the sulphur impurities are removed, and the illuminating power of the gas so far from being diminished becomes actually increased. Professor Anderson records several carefully conducted experiments, all of which prove the truth of the conclusions at which he has arrived. We believe we are correct in stating that his method is now in operation at the Taunton and other local gas-works, and that it is highly spoken of by those who have given it careful consideration. His pamphlet should be in the hands of all managers of gas-works; it is eminently a practical guide to the purification of coal-gas.



It seems not unlikely that the watery extract of cod's liver will supersede the cod-liver oil which is now so universally recommended in cases of consumption. From the reports of the French commissioners and from the published experience of several English and Continental physicians it appears that the watery extract is a more valuable drug than the oil, and that, while it may be given in pills—thus avoiding the nausea produced by the oil—it is more easily digested than the latter.

In a paper lately published in the *Archives des Sciences*, Professor Leuckart states that the brilliant spots grouped with more or less regularity upon certain fish of the group *Scopelinidae*, are really accessory eyes. The existence of more than a thousand such eyes in a vertebrate animal is quite unexpected. They are distributed over the hyoid apparatus, and on the head and belly, where they form two rows, which are parallel. Herr Leuckart bases his opinion upon the anatomical structure of the organs known as spots, these having really the form of little cylinders, the anterior part of which is occupied by a spherical body like a crystalline lens, behind which is a sort of vitreous humour.

A meeting of the friends of Dr. Clark, who, after fifty years, has resigned the professorship of anatomy in the University of Cambridge, has been held at Christ's College, for the purpose of considering some mode of showing how much his long-continued services to the University and to science are appreciated. The meeting was well attended by influential members of the Senate; and the following resolution, proposed by the Master of Trinity College, was unanimously adopted:—"That in order to recognise the great services rendered by Dr. Clark to science and to the university, a marble bust of him be offered to the Senate, to be placed in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and that it be suggested to the Senate that for the future the Museum of Comparative Anatomy be called the Clarkian Museum."

The French Minister of Agriculture has sent M. Delpech, Professor of Medicine, M. Raynal, Veterinarian, and M. Alfort, to Germany, to examine and report upon the trichina disease prevalent in pork.

The cholera still prevails in Southern Russia, where the mildness of the winter has produced a great deal of illness. At Moscow there have been so many cases of typhoid fever lately that the hospitals are quite full.

#### ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary fortnightly meeting on Tuesday, J. Crawford, Esq., F.R.S., president, in the chair, Colonel Rigby read a paper, "On the Somali." The north-eastern portion of Africa which is embraced between the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and Cape Guardafui, and thence as far south as the Equator, is inhabited by tribes composing the Great Somali, which differs from all other African races in features, language, and customs. The origin of this race, and the question as to what family it belongs, is worthy of discussion. The Somali are a pastoral race, possessing large herds of cattle and flocks of the doomba, or fat-tailed sheep. They subsist chiefly on the produce of their flocks and herds. On the east coast they cultivate a good deal of grain, and lead a more settled life, dwelling in towns and villages. Those tribes which inhabit this part are much taller and more robust than the inhabitants of the comparatively barren country farther north. The men are generally six feet in height, and all have regular, white teeth. The Somali are generally tall and well made, with a very dark, smooth skin; their features express great intelligence and animation, and are of Grecian type with their lips and aquiline noses. Their hair is long and very thick. They have none of the characteristic features of the negro race, which they affect to despise. The men comb out their hair into little ringlets, having the appearance of a thick mop. They wear no head dress, and bestow much time and care in the arrangement of their luxuriant hair, and, in order not to derange it at night, they rest their head on a small wooden pillow, scooped out to support the cheek. They also frequently change the colour of their hair by applying a preparation of quicklime. The men have also a custom of shaving their own hair off, and substituting a large, bushy sheepskin wig, dyed of a bright red colour. They have generally very scanty beards and moustache, and these they frequently pluck out. The women are usually tall and well-formed; when young they are very good-looking. They are not secluded, and are under no restraint, being treated as the equals of the men. They are always merry and good-humoured. When the English first occupied Aden the dress of the Somali females usually consisted of goat-skins tied over the left shoulder and hanging loosely in front, but they soon became ashamed of their primitive costume, and their dress now consists of a white or coloured cotton cloth bound round the waist, with both ends fastened in a knot across the breast. The dress of the men is very graceful, consisting of a flowing robe, resembling the old Roman costume, wrapt loosely round the body, and one end drawn over the left shoulder. They are bigoted Mahomedans. As a race they are pastoral, but they also carry on a considerable trade. Large caravans from the interior of their country visit the great annual fair at Barbera, bringing for sale coffee, ivory, gum, myrrh, frankincense, ostrich feathers, ghee, &c. On the east coast they carry on a considerable trade from the ports of Brava, Merka, and Mazadesko. The Somali have a tradition that their ancestors emigrated from the Arabian province of Hadramant to Med on the African coast. Travellers or merchants, when visiting the Somali country, are obliged to engage a person called an "aban," who becomes responsible for their security during their residence in the country, and also acts as a broker, agent, and interpreter. The "aban" is generally selected from the elders of the tribes.

**THE QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.**—The ordinary monthly meeting of this Society was held at their Rooms, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, on Friday evening, February 23rd, Mr. M. C. Cooke, V.P., in the chair. After several presents to the cabinet and library had been announced, Mr. D. E. Goddard read an interesting paper on "Manipulation with Canada Balsam." An animated conversation ensued, in the course of which the experiences of many of the members were given and freely discussed. The thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Goddard, and the proceedings terminated with a conversation. Ten members were elected and eight candidates were proposed.

**SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.**—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Discussion on "The Hydraulic Lift Graving Dock."—Wednesday:—Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. "On the late Anglo-French Exhibition, with a Proposal for the Formation of an Anglo-French Association," by Mr. Robert Coningsby.

#### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.22½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 2.10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 107½ to 107¾ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

An improvement of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. has taken place in the English Stock Market, and Consols are now 87½ 87½ for Money, and 87½ 87½ for the Account. The New Threes and Reduced Annuities are 87 87½. Exchequer Bills, 6s. to 2s. dis. India Five per Cents., 102½ 102½; Enfacé Five per Cents., 101½; ditto Five and a Half per Cents., 108; and ditto Bonds, 10s. to 15s.

Very few changes of importance are observable in the prices for Foreign Stocks. Turkish Five per Cents. are 37½ 38½. Mexican, 22½ 23; ditto New, 20½ 20½. Greek, 14 14½. Spanish Passive, 27½ 27½; the Certificates, 16½ 16½. Italian, 60½ 61. The Confederate Loan, 4 5. Brazilian Scrip, 2 2½ prem.; and Egyptian Railway Scrip,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ½ prem. United States Government 5-20 Bonds are 70½ 71½. Erie Shares, 54 54½; and Illinois, 78½ 78½. The new Chilean Scrip is quoted 3½ 3½ prem.

In Colonial Government securities Canada Six per Cents. (January and July, 1877-84) changed hands at 95½ 6; Cape of Good Hope Six Six per Cents. (1873), 103 2½; New Brunswick Six per Cents., 95½; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1888-92), 88½ 7½; New Zealand Five per Cents., 82½; Queensland Six per Cents., 99½; Victoria Six per Cents. (April and October), 107½ 7.

The India Council have notified that the holders of the India Four per Cent. Debentures falling due on the 16th of August next, will be allowed to renew them for a further period of seven years at 5 per cent., on giving notice before the 28th of next month. The amount of these debentures outstanding is understood to be £4,860,000.

An upward tendency was again observable in American securities. The 5-20 Bonds improved  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and Erie and Illinois Central Railway shares,  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  respectively. The last prices are subjoined:—5-20 Bonds, 70½ to  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Erie Railway shares, 55 to  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Illinois Central, 78 to  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Atlantic and Great Western Debentures, 78 to 80; ditto, Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, 77 to 79.

The following notice has been posted up in the Stock Exchange:—"London, Chatham, and Dover Railway—Metropolitan Extension—B and C Preference Stocks. Official information has been received to the effect that the contractors (Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton) have extended their guarantee of 6 per cent. on the above stocks to 31st December, 1866, being twelve months from the opening of the junction with the Metropolitan Railway for public traffic."

Formal notice is given that a petition for the winding up of the Humber Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company (Limited), by or under the supervision of the Court of Chancery, is to be heard before the Master of the Rolls on the 16th March.

Proposals have been issued for a Chilean Six per Cent. Loan for £450,000, in two series, one to be redeemed at par next year, and the other in the year following. The price is to be 92½, and the bonds are to be secured by the hypothecation of the tobacco monopoly, which last year amounted to about £225,000. Applications are to be made to Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co., or to Mr. J. Gerstenberg.

The Midland Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £3,349 over the corresponding week of last year; the Great Northern an increase of £1,224; the Great Western an increase of £3,047; the Great Eastern an increase of £2,153; the London and South-Western an increase of £2,051; and the London and North-Western an increase of £6,934.

The state of the market for the precious metals is thus described by Messrs. Mocatta and Goldsmid:—"The demand for silver for India has been gradually falling off for the last few weeks, and the price has declined to 60½d., at which there is hardly any business doing. Mexican dollars are not wanted for China at present, and are therefore only available at their intrinsic value as silver. The late arrivals of gold have been taken to the Bank, there being no demand for exportation; but there is nothing of any importance expected just at present."

At the 30th annual meeting of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, held at Liverpool, the usual dividend of 40 per cent. was declared.

The Agra and Masterman's Bank have declared a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (£1. 5s. per share) for the half year ended the 31st of December, together with a bonus of 15s. per share, making a total distribution of 16 per cent.

A new undertaking, the Imperial Land Company of Marseilles (Limited), is introduced by the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England in connection with the Agra and Masterman's and the National Bank. The capital is to be £1,600,000, in 80,000 shares of £20 each.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.\*

ARCHITECTURE has so many important relations that to trace out its history in archaic times, and follow its varying features up to the present day, is something like undertaking the history of the human race and the peopling of the globe from prehistoric man to the complex cosmopolite of to-day. The field is so immense, and the diverging tracks are so perplexing and enticing, that the project runs the risk of suffering from being treated with too wide and comprehensive a view, and with an overlooking of essential details. The philosophical architect will demand a full consideration of all the ethnological bearings, an exposition of the influences which have modified the building art in its religious and ecclesiastical, its military and its civil and domestic, relations. The scientific architect will require the principles of construction and material, form and colour, to be laid down; while the artistic architect will certainly not be satisfied unless all that he regards as the very life and soul of architecture receives its full share of consideration. Now, to do full justice to a subject of this magnitude, and of such great variety of character, would require a writer of rather rare endowments, neither so historical and archaeological in his view as to be blind to all æsthetic signs and conditions, nor so imaginative as to see a recondite meaning in everything, becoming enthusiastic over the beauties when it is the distinctive characters of architecture that require to be defined, and placed in their proper position in the series. Mr. Fergusson follows the historical mode of dealing with the subject, and this with an avowed intention to separate architecture as much as possible from what we call the sister arts—sculpture and painting. He sets out with a charge against previous writers for “speaking of painting, sculpture, and architecture as three similar fine arts practised on the same principles”—a confusion of ideas and an error, as he thinks, arising in the sixteenth century, when, “in a fatal hour,” some one of the great masters undertook the union of the three branches of art under his own hand. To this mistake he attributes “the degraded position of the art at this day.” If we understand anything of the feeling of architects, and the tendency of their study for several years past, there has been a decided leaning to the side of sculpture and painting, not only as being indispensable practically to the completeness and beauty of architecture, but as involving, in the full comprehension of the principles of those arts, all that should rule in the art of architecture. Indeed, Mr. Fergusson himself is compelled to own that “a really perfect building is never without these adjuncts,” as he calls them. He places sculpture and painting in a distinct rank as “phonetic arts,” while architecture is brought into the opposite group of the “technic arts.” “Poetry, painting, and sculpture,” we are told with much apparent truth, “are three branches of one form of art, refined from prose, colour, and carving. . . . And building, which, in its primary application, is merely a means of obtaining shelter, is capable of being refined into the fine art, architecture.” No very great importance need be attached to classifications of this kind, as their practical utility amounts to very little; but many will ask whether the Hall of Columns at Karnac, the Parthenon, or a fine Gothic cathedral, are not as “phonetic” as sculpture and pictures. We should be disposed to object also to Mr. Fergusson’s explanation that “the business of sculpture and painting is to express, by colour and form, ideas that could be—generally have been—expressed by words.” This seems to us a direct confusion of the arts, amounting almost to an annihilation of all art-feeling in its idiosyncrasy; the question being rather, whether the reverse is not more true—that sculpture and painting express that which cannot be expressed by words. But if, as our author points out, architecture has been refined into a fine art, then we are at a loss to see to which group it can be so closely allied as to that including poetry, sculpture, and painting. It would not have been necessary to insist so far upon this as an incongruity in his fundamental definitions, if the author had not laid it down that architecture must either be regarded statically and described scientifically, or treated historically—two methods which leave art with very little to do. We see at once that Mr. Fergusson’s view is much less that of the artist than of the philosophical historian and archaeologist with a keen relish for ethnology. With him, “architecture ceases to be a mere art, and becomes one of the most important adjuncts of history,” and still more important is its use “in discriminating between the different races of mankind.” We see this in the devoting of an entire division of thirty pages of his subject to ethnography, which, we venture to say, will only add very considerably to the confusion of his architectural readers. In this we have what is evidently a favourite theory of the author’s, that certain sections of the human race are good builders and others good artists: the Turanians, as the descendants of the family of the Stone Age, are the fathers of all the great builders; the Aryans, with whom is connected the Iron Age, were the first builders beyond the Indus; and the Semitic races “never erected a building worthy of the name,” the buildings of the Assyrians wanting durability, though splendid enough, and the temples of Palmyra, Baalbec, Jerusalem, and Pelia, having been built by races with a large infusion of Turanian blood. Mr. Fergusson treats of each of “the four great building races” as to their religion, government, morals, literature, arts, and

sciences. Without all this, he thinks the history of the various orders of architecture a dry and hard recapitulation of uninteresting terms, “and a record of bricks and stone;” but, when “we can trace their relationship to and their descent from one another, the study becomes one of the most interesting as well as one of the most useful.” Hence the expansion and remodelling of the author’s “Handbook of Architecture” into this “History,” the handbook having been itself an outgrowth from his “True Principles of Beauty,” a small book published sixteen years ago. The present work is to extend to 1,500 pages, and then to be completed with a glossary of architectural terms of 500 pages more, and even then it is not to be considered an exhaustive history, for to produce such a history would require fifty volumes and twenty thousand woodcuts; it might, therefore, “be called an abridgement, if there were any larger history to be abridged.”

After having defined architecture, in the introduction which precedes the consideration of ancient architecture, as “the art of ornamental and ornamented construction,” Mr. Fergusson proceeds to say that it is indispensably necessary that the architect should understand construction, as without that knowledge he cannot design; nevertheless, he thinks that it would be well that he should leave the mechanical part of his work to an engineer, and restrict himself to the artistic arrangement and ornamentation of his design. The reason given for this is that “perfect artistic and perfect mechanical skill” cannot be expected to be combined in one person, and that the principle of division of labour is to be followed as one “essential to success, and always practised where art was a reality.” Here, again, we suspect our author will find himself at issue with his professional brethren, and for our own part we find it difficult to reconcile the opinion that an architect should be a master of construction, with the advice to delegate the bones and muscles of his building to an engineer who really understands the matter. As to this being the practice where art was a reality and great deeds were done, we should like to know whether such was the case in the grand monuments of Egyptian or Assyrian architecture, or even in the grandest and most perfect examples of Greek architecture. If it were so, Mr. Fergusson has omitted to state it in his account of the ancient monuments; and there is not the least reason to lead us to suppose that the great architects of the Renaissance, Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, and Giotto, the builders of the Baptistery, the Duomo, and the famous Campanile of Florence, had the assistance of any one who understood construction better than themselves. On the contrary, the engineer is a man created by modern requirements, and his constructions are not remarkable for beauty; while the practice happens to be that he consults the architect, instead of the architect asking for his aid. We could imagine nothing more conducive to that degradation of the art which our author assumes to exist, than such a division of labour as he points to; it would reduce the architect to the level of the engineer’s decorator.

But Mr. Fergusson, although treating his subject in the historical mode, could not, of course, altogether throw aside technical considerations. We have, therefore, the technical principles of architecture treated of under the separate heads of—*Mass*, as the first and most obvious element of architectural grandeur exemplified in the Pyramids, the topes of India, the mounds of the Etruscans, and the colossal buildings of the Romans: *Stability*—“the excess of strength over mere mechanical requirement, giving the building an appearance that it could resist the shocks of time or the violence of man for ages,” as in the Egyptian monuments, the Parthenon, and our Norman-Gothic nave of Winchester Cathedral: *Materials*—the largeness and costliness, as in the Egyptian colossi and obelisks, and in the stones of the Temple of Jerusalem and at Baalbec, where the walls are built of stones 60 and 70 feet in length, weighing as much as the iron tubes of the Britannia Bridge. The Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, “a poverty-stricken design,” Mr. Fergusson says, “is redeemed by the grandeur of its monolithic columns, while the design of the Madeleine at Paris is destroyed by the smallness of the materials.” Gothic architects ignored this element. Cast-iron, we are told, is “a material invaluable where lightness, combined with strength, is required, but one that has hardly yet ever been used so as to allow of its architectural qualities being appreciated.” It is certainly one that seems to offer a method of building a Gothic cathedral cheaply and quickly; but it would require some considerable indulgence to enable us to regard such a structure as we do a finely-carved interior. We should doubt whether Mr. Fergusson himself would be able to associate any reverence with so utilitarian a building. Much, however, might be done by the adoption of a new style in the principals, the ornament, and the decoration, so as to avoid anything like the idea of the building being a huge sham. Perhaps this may remain for the architecture of the future to accomplish.

As to *Construction*, we have already alluded to our author’s opinions upon this point. The examples he adduces of its application are in the simple columnar support and horizontal beam of the Egyptians and Greeks, to the rejection of the arch, which they were well acquainted with, while the Romans, by exaggerating the arch, obtained space and variety at small expense, but with a loss of repose and harmony. The Gothic architects, “priding themselves on their constructive skill, paraded it on all occasions,” often to the destruction of architectural effect and the idea of stability, especially in the pointed style of the German-Gothic. In a table representing the ratio of the area to the points of support in sixteen of the principal buildings of the world, the Great Hall at Karnac has a ratio of one-half; the Parthenon, one-seventh; the Cathedrals of Chartres, Salisbury, and Paris, one-eighth; Cologne, Milan, York,

\* A History of Architecture in all Countries, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By James Fergusson, F.R.S., M.R.A.S., F.R.I. Brit. Architects. Three Volumes. Vol. I. London: John Murray.



and Rouen, one-tenth; the Duomo at Florence, one-fifth; St. Peter's, one-fourth; St. Paul's, London, one-sixth. From this, Mr. Fergusson is disposed to derive an axiom, "that the satisfactory architectural effect of a building is in the inverse ratio to the mechanical cleverness displayed in the construction." As to the arch, Mr. Fergusson reminds us that the Asiatics have a shrewd saying, that "the arch never sleeps," alluding to the constant thrust exercised against its abutments. The account given of the use of the arch by the Egyptians and Greeks forms a very interesting section; but it is unfortunately too long and too compact to allow of our extracting any part of it.

We cannot think that many professional or amateur architects will feel that they are to be felicitated upon the exaltation of their art into the sphere of science; and this work in its wide scope may be deemed rather unnecessarily speculative and diffuse. The real value of the work begins to be felt when we come to the descriptions of the various examples of architecture (illustrated as they are by many excellent little cuts, most of them in plan and section), and to a general scale. In this way, the ancient architecture of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans, is described, though without much reference to the origin, connection, and development of styles and characteristic features, forming the first part of the work. Christian architecture forms the second part, beginning with the Romanesque style in the basilicas of Italy, followed by the churches of France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia. We cannot pretend to have followed our author through all his accounts of the buildings he has selected as examples. Those of the ancient styles might have been written with a more artistic appreciation of their merits as works of art created by the finest ideal treatment of the beautiful forms of nature; and the whole subject of sculptural and painted ornament is but too briefly alluded to. No doubt the author found it necessary to be concise; yet in this respect we could have spared much that is more or less speculative and irrelevant, for something more directly referring to the principles of beauty in architecture.

#### THE HOMES OF THE WORKING CLASSES.\*

THE subject of providing proper homes for the working classes, which is occupying so much attention at the present moment, may be approached from two sides. We may consider the universal sanitary interests of the community, and demand that the centres of perennial fever and epidemic cholera be purified and rendered innocuous. We may collect evidence (and by the bushel it is to be procured) to prove that, in the undrained and over-crowded lanes and courts of our cities, the diseases which ravage our homes are engendered as unfailingly as Roman fever in the swamps of the Maremma; and we may call for State protection from typhus as justly and as earnestly as we might have called for the military action of the Government had the far less deadly invasions of the Vikings of old threatened the shores of England again. On the other hand, we may consider the state—social, moral, and sanitary—of those who actually inhabit these hideous dens, and demand for them, in the name of our common humanity, that the nation's power and treasure be expended in lifting them out of the quagmire in which their very souls are drowning, and in placing them under conditions which render health and virtue at least attainable.

We believe that either of these ways of viewing the problem will result eventually in the same conclusion—nay, lead almost to the same suggestions of remedy; but a distinction in the treatment of the subject must necessarily arise according as we start from one ground or the other. If we begin with the sanitary interests of the community, we must aim strictly at the *worst* districts—the lowest and most pestilential lodgings—and demand that these be purified and rebuilt on sanitary principles. If we begin with the claims of the working classes to justice, we must strive first to afford the industrious among them healthful and decent homes, and then leave the indigent and dissolute to shift into the discarded dwellings of their betters.

The book before us is a most elaborate and valuable examination of the whole case of the homes of both the working and indigent classes, in cities and in the country. Every information is afforded to enable us to judge of the extremity of the want, and of the value of the attempts of philanthropists to meet it effectually. Further, the whole subject is debated with very considerable insight and acuteness, and we cannot imagine a better preparation for members of Parliament who intend to take part in discussing Mr. Childers's Bill, and other Bills which are intended to supplement it, than to acquaint themselves, through Mr. Hole's assistance, with pretty nearly all that can be said for every plan of reform. We could wish, for our own part, that the materials of the book were a little more distinctly arranged. The magnitude of existing evils, the reasons why they should be remedied, desirable legislative enactments, and plans and pictures of actual model lodgings, building or built, are all rather too much mixed together; and the reader is almost left to gather for himself the fact that the author deems State interference indispensable, instead of finding the whole course of the argument press the conclusion upon him as a most urgent necessity.

Mr. Hole remarks very truly:—"One naturally thinks that the three cheapest things in this beautiful world, the three things

which every one might have as much of as he liked, would be *sunlight, pure air, and clean water*; yet they are rapidly becoming the scarcest luxuries a man can wish for. In the metropolis of the kingdom, and, indeed, in every large centre of population, thousands, nay scores of thousands, of human beings are congregated together, who, instead of enjoying these natural luxuries, dwell in unhealthy, dirty, miserable hovels, crowded into small streets and courts," where the conditions of bodily and moral health are altogether unattainable. This state of things is not accidental, not transitory. It does not even remain a stagnant evil. It is an ever-increasing mischief, a blot on the page of our history, which, year by year, grows blacker. The causes why it should be so are obvious, and, alas! familiar to us all. The districts covered by the dwellings of the poor in great cities are crowded more and more densely as population doubles and trebles its old limits, and meanwhile hundreds of acres of such districts are shorn off every year for railways, hotels, law-courts, "improvements" of all kinds, and their occupants huddled back upon the scant remaining space already over-full of its own inhabitants. The natural remedy—the erection by private capitalists of new and lofty dwellings which should house in health and decency the population now crushed into low and dilapidated lodging-houses—is a thing not to be looked for. "Most of the model lodging-houses of London," says Mr. Hole, "have not averaged (in profits) four per cent.," albeit the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company and Alderman Waterlow claim to realize twice as much. Even at the best, such investments are highly uncertain, and beset with obnoxious circumstances, such as the difficulty of collecting rents, defaulting tenants so poor as to claim compassion rather than severity, and, above all, such spoliation and ravaging of all the destructible parts of the property as raises the cost for repairs to double the usual proportion. Capitalists, to whom all the splendid ventures of English commerce throughout the globe are open at discretion, will hardly be tempted, even by the chance of seven per cent. return, to such investments as these. Some other motive must needs be brought to supplement simple commercial interests in the matter. Will philanthropy suffice? Where are the five hundred Mr. Peabodys and Miss Couttses who will bestow each their quarter of a million on the work? It is idle to talk as if they could be found.

There remain two possible sources of help—the State, in the first place, and, in the second, Building Companies formed of working men, whose commercial interest in the undertaking shall be spurred on by their personal need of the dwellings to be erected, so that each may be content with small pecuniary returns, seeing that he also secures for himself a healthful house. This last resource, so far as it goes, is excellent. We have read with great pleasure the report of the committee of inquiry presented to the second meeting, at Lambeth Baths, recently held, wherein it appears that the plans and funds are ready for commencing the purchase of sites and erection of buildings to be owned and inhabited by a Company of working men. In Mr. Begg's paper, read at the Social Science Meeting on the 21st January, the utility of such Building Societies, and the desirability of giving them some relief from legislative obstructions, was ably set forth as one of the prominent means of aiding the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes. We wish such Companies and Societies success, most cordially. But we must still decline to believe that it rests with them to effect even one half of the gigantic task which lies before us. Such Companies, multiplied and enriched beyond what we can plausibly calculate, could yet never grapple with the evil in its vastness, but only touch it here and there, as chance might serve. For let us remember the observation with which we started—there are two ends to be accomplished. Not only are the humbler classes to be provided with healthful dwellings, but the whole community is to be protected from the diseases engendered in their present abodes. To do this last, we must not build on any desirable site which may offer, but build over the existing slums; nay, so effectually clear them out and renovate them that not one single court or alley, lane or house, fairly to be deemed dangerous to the public health, shall be left standing. But who is to do anything like this? Not the Companies of working men, or any other Companies seeking commercial advantages. There is nothing to make such Companies choose always the ground now covered with fever-nests and cholera-nurseries—nay, much to prevent their doing so. The interest of the general community and that of the Building Company is nowise identical. If we are to wait till companies are gradually formed, and then, picking and choosing their building grounds where they list, *chance* to buy up all the slums, we may wait till many a generation has borne the plagues those slums engender.

Again, it is the class of regular working men, the comparatively well-off artisans and labourers, who, at the lowest, join these Companies. The class of the indigent—the enormous class whose precarious livelihood is gained hap-hazard on the streets—can never join the humblest undertaking wherein capital is demanded. Yet *this* is the class whose homes are the most wretched of all, and which, therefore, for every reason, sanitary and ethical, we most desire to improve. The working-men's lodging-houses will not be for *their* use, and the erection of whole streets of them will hardly better their condition.

Here, then, we absolutely require the intervention of a new and higher power to act for the interests of the whole community, and to elevate that class which is utterly unable to move a finger to lift itself up. This power—not the power of private capital, not the power of a handful of wealthy philanthropists, not the power of

\* The Homes of the Working Classes. By James Hole. London: Longmans & Co.



commercial companies—can only be the power of the State. The State alone can supply the enormous funds demanded to do the work effectually, and within the limits of a generation. The State alone can fairly assume the right to purchase compulsorily from their present owners the districts dangerous to the public health, and build thereon houses wherein the indigent street-sweeper, as well as the prosperous artisan, may rear his children in decency and health.

We look with earnest interest to the Bill Mr. Childers introduced on Tuesday week in the House as the first step in this great undertaking, by enabling the Public Loan Commissioners to grant aid for such erections as we have described. Another Bill, introduced by Messrs. Torrens, Locke, and A. Kinnaird, aims to effect the remainder of the legislative work by conferring on local boards, in the great cities, compulsory powers for the purchase and renovation of property now in a condition detrimental to the public health. Our only hesitation regarding this Bill lies in the question indicated by the *Times* as a crucial one: To whom can such compulsory powers, such vast expenditure of public money, be safely intrusted? We cannot but wish that an amendment of the Bill should substitute, for vestries and corporations, commissioners, composed of men of mark and recognised ability, qualified to carry with them the public confidence in so vast and important an undertaking.

#### LIFE IN THE HAREM.\*

WE are not surprised at the popularity this work has already achieved, considering that it contains the first authentic account of harem life in any language, since the slight but graceful sketches in Lady Montague's Letters. A great deal has been written about those forbidden "abodes of bliss;" but many of the writers were men, who, having never been inside one, drew copiously upon their imagination, and there was nobody to contradict them. The veil is raised at last, and a disgusting scene it is that opens before us. The romance has fled for ever; the pen of an Englishwoman has made the daily life of the harems of Egypt and Turkey as well known to us as that of the Faubourg St. Germain, or May Fair. Miss Emmeline Lott, as governess to the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, a little boy five years old, and heir-apparent to the Viceroyalty of Egypt, enjoyed an unparalleled opportunity of seeing the far-famed odalisques of the East *en déshabille*; and her sketches, if occasionally rude and unpolished, are full of vigour. Indeed, there are occasions when her descriptions are rather too suggestive, especially in the second volume, where she relates a story which ends pretty much in the same fashion as the last canto of "Don Juan."

Miss Lott's introduction to harem life was not very enchanting. She found the young prince's mother on a faded yellow satin divan, "doubled up like a clasp-knife," smoking a cigarette, and wearing a dirty, tumbled muslin dress and trousers. Around her stood a number of ladies, fat and globular in figure, pale, *passées*, and disagreeable—more like the witches in "Macbeth" than the beauties of "Lalla Rookh." But all were profusely adorned with gold and jewels, which made a strange contrast with their filthy dresses and persons. Cleanliness is not such a virtue in the East as some have represented it to be. "The bath of the poets is a myth," says the governess; the ladies only use it "when they have visited the Viceroy, and not daily, or even at any other time." We are not much surprised at this, considering that "the water used for bathing *actually boils*." There must be some mistake here, we fancy, or else Eastern skins are very different from Western. Toilette appliances are not over-numerous, although apparently much needed; but among them figures the indispensable small-toothed comb. The princesses rise early, almost at daybreak, but have not much trouble in dressing, as they lie down with their clothes on; their washing they put off until several hours later. The ewers are merely soup-plates, or like the curious dishes one sometimes sees hung over the doors of continental barbers. Sitting upon the floor, and tucking up their trousers, the ladies begin by washing their feet, the chief eunuch looking on very demurely. Other silver "soup-plates" are next brought in, and the princesses rub their faces with well-soaped pieces of rag; after which, water is poured over their hands, and lastly they rinse their mouths by jerking water into them with their hands, not taking it out of a glass—and their ablutions are finished for the day. If it be Thursday (the eve of the Turkish Sabbath), they also comb their hair, to the dire discomfiture of the vermin, which have been left at peace for the six preceding days. "No Russian peasant," says Miss Lott, "could have been more encumbered with this filthy live stock than were these princesses."

Breakfast, like all eastern meals, is rather an elaborate affair. Boiled bread and milk is followed by a soup with a fowl or pigeon floating in it; which pigeon must be torn in pieces by the not over-dainty fingers of the slaves. Then come mutton chops broiled to a cinder, but highly spiced; then poultry similarly dressed, but without spice. Next a sliced cucumber would be served up, dressed—O horrible!—"with water and lamp-oil;" the whole winding up with jam and pancakes, swimming in a sauce of honey and fat. No wonder the English governess did not thrive with such fare, and that her meals were a constant difficulty. But

Miss Lott appears to have been squeamishly nice, and she would have been a wiser woman had she kept down her insular peculiarities, and made the best of her position, which she does not appear to have done. She stood too much upon her "dignity," when she ought to have thought that what was good enough for Egyptian princesses might, after a time and with a little digestive courage, have become good enough for her.

After breakfast come cigars or opium pills, nor is even the glass that cheers and also inebriates always forgotten, the prophet's injunction as to the use of wine being evaded in the most open fashion. Then the princesses take their siesta, and, waking about five in the afternoon, proceed to dress for dinner; that is, they merely change their outer dresses, to wash their hands or faces being a superfluity. The dinner or supper is but a repetition of the breakfast on a larger scale. The *carte* comprehends soup made of fowls or sheep's shanks, with forcemeat balls made of the broken bread and crumbs left from the previous meal; roast leg of mutton stuffed with ground-nuts, onions, raisins, spice, and sugar; tomatoes and cucumbers scooped out and filled with meat, rice, and spice; boiled chicory minced and reboiled in fat, and cutlets fried in syrup. The confectionery appears to have been more palatable: jelly, with whole strawberries in it; pancakes eaten with syrups, with plenty of sour milk and cucumbers. After dinner, of which the dwellers in the harem partake copiously, for it is the great excitement of the day, they take a little walk in the garden, returning in-doors to coffee and dominoes. Some form groups, and listen to an Arab story-teller until ten o'clock comes, when they all retire to rest. Miss Lott complains in pathetic terms of her bed-room. It was carpeted, and boasted a green and red-striped divan at the window, an iron bedstead without bolster, pillows, or linen, a chest of drawers with a marble top, and a shut-up wash-stand with porcelain ewer and basin; but, she adds, "no dressing-table or chair, and a total absence of all the appendages necessary for a lady's bedroom—not even the convenience of what the French term a *vase*!" This was uncomfortable enough, no doubt, to an English woman "accustomed to the elegant drawing-rooms of our nobility;" but it was quite equal to the accommodations enjoyed by the princesses themselves.

"Oh! what a pure and sacred thing  
Is beauty curtained from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light."

Thus we read in "Lalla Rookh;" but in "Harem Life" we see the Viceroy's first wife with her uncombed hair loosely tucked under a coloured handkerchief bound round her head, while the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper are turned up and tied to the shoulders. It is only on rare occasions that these Eastern syrens are arrayed, as the poet describes them, in costly silks of China's looms, and with gems from Golconda's mines: their every-day attire consists of "dirty, filthy, crumpled muslin dresses, just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles's would be seen walking about in, when all their finery had been pledged."

The barbaric wealth of these dingy damsels is enough to make the mouth water. On grand occasions they beautify themselves with cosmetics such as Madame Rachel never knew; they wear the costliest of silks and velvets, and so bedeck themselves with jewellery that they seem one blaze of precious stones. Diamonds were so plentiful that our governess at last became quite weary and sick of looking at them. Every year, the Viceroy, whose wealth had need be enormous, distributes among members of his harem jewels to the value of £30,000 or £40,000. The first wife smoked a chibouk, a pipe encrusted with precious stones, that must have been worth from £1,000 to £1,500. At Constantinople, Miss Lott saw the Sultan's grand eunuch wearing a diamond ring valued at £125,000. Surely they must be *livres* or francs, not *livres* sterling. Looking over their jewel-cases is as favourite an amusement with the ladies of the East as of the West.

The English governess more than doubts that the cloistral purity of the harem is rather mythical. She hints that the eunuchs, "spectres of humanity" as she calls them, are not so very spectral after all. One night, long after the harem had been locked up, and all were supposed to be asleep, she heard a noise of romping and laughing in the garden. On going to the window, she saw a motley group of female slaves, and, "looking through her achromatic opera glass," she easily discerned a number of eunuchs, some of whom were dancing and singing merrily. There were other figures which she could not make out; but, "having witnessed several of those spectres of mankind toying and wooing with the female slaves, she doubted their infirmity of body, and kept a watchful eye over them."

The despotic practices she observed in the harem were justly offensive to an English lady. Because some gardeners had not assorted the colours of their bouquets to his taste, the little prince Pacha ordered the attendant eunuchs to cut sticks from off one of the trees in the garden, and thrash them soundly. The three culprits were laid down upon the path, and the eunuchs began to beat them until the perspiration poured down their faces—it must have been hotter work for their victims. At another time, a little slave who broke a china sherbet vase was punished by being branded on her arms with a red-hot iron. This seems to be the ordinary mode of making Eastern maids-of-all-work pay for breakage. As the Viceroyal family was about to visit Constantinople and the Sultan, the young Pacha and his governess were included in the party, much to the annoyance of the latter, who had grown sick of her position. The railway journey from Cairo to Alexandria must have been an extraordinary sight. "The princesses were most disgusting in

\* The English Governess in Egypt: Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople. By Emmeline Lott, formerly Governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha, Ibrahim, Son of His Highness Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. Second Edition. Two vols. London: Bentley.



their habits, and so totally devoid of decency, that they did not hesitate to empty the contents of their *vases* out of the window as the train passed along. They then laid themselves down upon the carpet and fell fast asleep, like wild beasts after a gorge!"

We have seen how the Egyptian ladies converted their heads into a preserve for vermin: at Constantinople, "the family of the Browns," or "Norfolk Howards," are equally well cared for. Miss Lott was quartered in the Old Palace, where, if she placed a piece of white linen on the divan, it was immediately covered with creeping things. It was as bad as living in an anthill, though not quite so savoury. The insect powder with which she had furnished herself sufficed to check the plague for a moment; but it was like Mrs. Partington trying to keep out the Atlantic with a mop. The slave girl swept away the victims in a dust-pan, but the creatures were everywhere. Nobody could sleep for them, and a grand hunt was arranged by the princesses; but the *battue* only thinned the brown game for a while. A royal salute fired by a Turkish frigate moored in front of the palace brought down flights of them from the ceilings; thick as locusts they came, covering furniture and persons. After this, we should imagine few persons will believe in the "romance of the harem."

One word as to the workmanship of these two volumes. We have seldom met with anything so slip-slop and careless in style. That an English governess should transgress the rules of Lindley Murray is one of the seven deadly sins of English propriety; but even bad grammar may be intelligible, which is more than can be said of many of Miss Lott's sentences. Notwithstanding these and a few other drawbacks, the book is pleasant reading, and must be especially attractive to women, considering how much of the two volumes is occupied with descriptions of dresses and jewels, Oriental palaces and Viceregal fêtes.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

MR. TROLLOPE seems inclined to restrict his studies for the present to the analysis of the feelings which young ladies experience who have accepted lovers for whom they have only a moderate amount of regard. The same position has been dwelt upon in several of his recent novels, the same ideas have been worked out in them, and they have all arrived at similar conclusions. Their plots have been meagre, and their repetition of incidents which have already done good service has testified at least to carelessness; but they have always been interesting enough to ensure our attention, and sufficiently artistic to demand our respect. It is time, however, that Mr. Trollope should forbear from leading us through the same familiar scenes. We have followed him with docility, and not without much gratitude; but we begin at last to long for fresh fields and new pastures. A lady who cannot make up her mind whether to refuse a man or no, or whether, having accepted him, she shall keep her word and be miserable, or get rid of her promise and her troubles together, is an object worthy of all sympathy; but we cannot be constantly regarding her. Miss Mackenzie occupied a conspicuous position in that capacity; the heroine of "Can you Forgive her?" still more powerfully appealed to our feelings for a lady in deliberation; and now Miss Clara Amedroz comes forward to play the part with which her predecessors have rendered us so familiar. She accepts a man with whom she fancies she is in love, and she soon discovers that she has made a mistake. She is warm in her feelings and of a somewhat passionate temper, and he is cold, formal, and undemonstrative. She has lived much alone, and is, without being aware of it, hungering after love; and he is a man whose heart is incapable of more than a prudent attachment. He has no idea of *falling* in love; he walks discreetly in its paths, blindfolded by no passion, and never deserted by the guiding hand of interest. It seems strange that she should ever have fancied that she cared for such a statue as this Captain Aylmer, and still stranger that she should have refused to give a thought to the suit of his rival, Will Belton. The latter gentleman tries to take her by storm, proposing for her hand almost as soon as he has made her acquaintance, and doing everything to win her which the captain had left undone. There is some humour in the description of his rough and rapid movements, though his bluntness is unnecessarily exaggerated, on some occasions into rudeness. An inclination to kick an apparently triumphant rival may be natural enough; but a threat of breaking every bone in his skin in case he behaves ill is rather too strong an expression of feeling to be put into the mouth of a man who is intended for admiration. One of the strangest features in this book is the singular state of mind attributed to the heroine. She never seems to know for whom she cares, or whether she wishes to marry one man or another. She appears to be, on this subject, in a comatose state, which admits of no definite ideas. She drifts into an engagement without knowing where she is going, and drops

out of it without being able to give any reason for her conduct. Clara Amedroz never seems to be capable of sounding her own heart. She accepts a lover, and then gradually discovers that she does not like him, that he is even absolutely distasteful to her; but she goes on treating him as her betrothed, apparently spell-bound, and unable to assert her freedom. Even when she has got rid of him, she seems to wander in a dream, loving Will Belton, and still not liking even to hint the fact to herself, much less to meditate earnestly on the subject, keeping him hanging about her in suspense, and altogether behaving like a flirt without being one. But, whatever may be the faults of the story, Mr. Trollope has, as usual, contrived to make it interesting. No one can read his book without great pleasure, and, when that is the case, it seems ungrateful to criticize it severely. There are parts of it, also, which are worthy of all praise, as, for instance, the description of the dreary decorum of Aylmer Park, and the dull, colourless life led by its inmates. Lady Aylmer is an excellent sketch, and the chapters describing the contest between her and Miss Amedroz are among the best in the book.

The story of "Alfred Hagart's Household" is so simple that it would be dull were it not for the skill with which it is told. It offers a picture of quiet family life in which no glaring colour is used, no violent contrasts of light and shade are introduced. There is no striking feature in it which can catch the eye at once; yet it possesses a charm which imparts a tranquil satisfaction to those who read it aright, and afterwards lingers pleasantly on their memory. Alfred Hagart is an artist who has failed in the ambitious course on which he entered in early life, and has been obliged to content himself with the humble position of designer in a manufacturer's office. Fortune seldom smiles upon him, and he generally attributes to her caprices the small measure of success which falls to his share. Even his wife looks upon him as a man destined to be unlucky, and though she tries to believe in the brilliant dreams which he is perpetually hoping to realize, has at times a vague but unacknowledged suspicion that his failures are not entirely undeserved. She is intended to be a model wife and mother, and in those capacities is represented as faultless, but in other respects she is not particularly interesting. The fortunes of her son John are described at considerable length in the story, but his character has little that is striking in it. The best part of the book is that which is devoted to Katie Hagart, by far the most pleasing member of the family—a sweet little girl, who is too tender and fragile for the rough world in which she is placed. The account of her childish playfulness and winning ways, her illness and her early death, reads more like the description of an actual experience than of something conjured up merely for artistic purposes; and it has therefore an earnestness and an air of reality which will make it come home to many hearts. One chapter especially is very charming—that which relates how Katie and her brother went for an excursion into the country together. After her death, the story becomes less interesting and less probable. A rich aunt appears on the scene, old and grim, like a benevolent witch in a fairy tale, and, beginning by being exceedingly cross and grumpy, ends by devoting herself to making everybody happy. As far as incidents are concerned, the second volume is inferior to the first, for, although it contains more of them, they are of too commonplace a nature to excite much interest. The loveliness is particularly dull and decorous; but that may be accounted for to some extent by the fact that the story originally came out in a periodical of a somewhat grave character. The principal charm of the book arises from the delightful style in which it is written, and the picturesque descriptions with which it abounds: these cannot fail to give pleasure to all who read them. Mr. Alexander Smith is a true lover of nature, and he has dwelt with pleasure on the charms of the various scenes he depicts, whether they lie inland where the sunlight sleeps on ruined walls overgrown with ivy and embosomed among masses of foliage, or where along the western coast of Scotland the tide sets rapidly among the rocky isles which loom in grandeur through the mists, or glow in the rosy light of sunset.

The motto of "Milly's Hero" is that "Equality is no rule in Love's grammar," the main feature of the story being a species of *mésalliance*. The hero in question, Lawrence Raxford, the junior partner in a mining firm, is engaged to be married to Hester Fyvie, the senior partner's daughter, and all goes well with the betrothed couple for a time. He likes her, and she is very fond of him, but he has never been passionately in love with her, and she is afflicted with a rather bad temper and a very bad aunt. The former induces her to vex her lover with suspicions; the latter persuades her to treat him so ill that a quarrel takes place. A scene ensues, the engagement is endangered, and, when a reconciliation is on the point of being effected, and all depends upon the result of a note sent by Hester to her wavering lover, the aunt intercepts the missive, and consequently succeeds in keeping the young people apart. Meanwhile, Lawrence Raxford has insensibly fallen in love with Milly Athorpe, one of the girls engaged at the mine. She is more beautiful than any woman he has ever seen before, and her character is perfection itself. She lives alone in an isolated cottage, occupying a romantic situation, and employs her leisure hours in cultivating her mind. There is nothing vulgar about her in thought, feeling, or expression; and, as she is not engaged in manual labour, her hands are not disagreeable to regard. Lawrence admires her at first sight; a variety of little incidents bring him nearer to her, and induce her to put her trust in him, and he becomes accustomed to feel a sort of fondness for her which at times makes him a little uncomfortable at meeting his less attractive betrothed. But, as he is everything that is

\* The Belton Estate. By Anthony Trollope. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Alfred Hagart's Household. By Alexander Smith. Two vols. London: Alexander Strahan.

Milly's Hero. By the Author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Woman against Woman. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church). Three vols. London: Bentley.

Snoozed Jessamine; or, the Honour of a House. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. Three vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

Major Peter. By the Author of "Lord Lynn's Wife," &c. Three vols. London: Bentley.



good, he keeps Milly's image as much as possible out of his mind, till the time comes when, as he imagines, Miss Fyvie throws him over. Then he allows himself to haunt Milly's cottage; his hitherto restrained affection soon rises into passionate love, and before long he asks her to marry him. She points out the difference between their social positions, and makes all the proper objections; but in reality she is overjoyed at his proposal. Her education having raised her above her fellows, she cannot help despising the lovers of whom she has a flock in her own class. They are dull, and boorish, and unpoetical, quite different from the ideal heroes with whom her books have made her familiar; but Lawrence comes up to her standard of perfection, and realizes the dream in which she has long indulged. So she accepts him, and all would now go well were it not that Miss Fyvie refuses to give him up, and, by means of a stratagem borrowed from her aunt's repository, drives Milly into despair and out of the country. Lawrence is left in the awkward position of a man deserted by the woman he loves, and persecuted by the woman who loves him. Those who are interested in his fate will find it described, and not unpleasantly, in the last chapter of the book. The story is ingeniously framed, and Milly's character is charmingly described; but the other personages introduced are wanting in vitality. The good people are dull, and the bad are melodramatic. The miners have the aspect of stage supernumeraries, and every individual who is intended to be humorous is simply tedious. There is sweetness in the story, but there are few passages in it which can boast of anything like energy or strength.

In "Woman against Woman," Mrs. Church seems to have intended to show that a woman may be free from all fault even when appearances are terribly against her. Rachel Norreys is an impulsive young married lady, to whom, during the absence of her husband, an exceedingly handsome Captain Craven pays marked attention. As he had previously been devoted to a rather improper Mrs. Arundel, that lady naturally hates Mrs. Norreys, and accordingly enters into a complicated intrigue with the intention of ruining her reputation. In this she almost succeeds, and a separation takes place for a time between Mr. and Mrs. Norreys. All is eventually explained to the satisfaction of the husband; but Mrs. Norreys's conduct is certainly represented as suspicious enough to justify a considerable amount of marital wrath. The story is of a somewhat questionable character, and is more suggestive than edifying. Parts of it are cleverly written, and the last scene is worked up with some dramatic power; but its general tone is unpleasant, and it is not calculated to leave a very healthy impression on the mind.

Nothing can be said against the tone of "Snooded Jessaline," or the lesson which it inculcates. Mrs. Hervey preaches a sermon throughout its chapters on the happiness arising from doing what is right, and takes care to bring sorrow on the heads of all her bad characters before the end of the third volume. The story is of the most romantic nature, and is told in a style almost approaching the poetic. The bliss arising from a judicious marriage is described in terms glowing enough to make a confirmed bachelor gnash his teeth in despair, while the troubles caused by matrimonial mistakes are portrayed so vividly that they may well alarm those who are hesitating on the brink of a proposal. The lady who tells the story is a model wife, and her husband is a paragon of perfection. The happy couple scarcely ever have even a momentary disagreement. The mystery hanging about Jessaline and her snood throws a cloud over their sunlight for a time, but it is of course cleared off eventually. We have mentioned the poetic style in which the book is written. As an illustration of this, we cannot do better than extract a few lines from a description of two lovers meeting beneath a flowering hawthorn-tree:—

"Down on the golden hair and upturned face of the girl fell the virgin shower. Down on the dark locks of the bowed head of the man rained the same crown of stainless white. Nature knew her own; and with the garland of her sweets she drew them each to each, and led them to her bosom like children whom she loved, and would fain clasp together within her sacred mother-arms, so that neither should be jealous of her fondness for the other."

"Major Peter" is one of those collections of stories which ever and anon take in the unwary reader under the pretence of being three-volume novels. In the present case, the connecting link between the various tales is of the flimsiest possible nature. The stories themselves are good of their kind, but a little monotonous, though their scenes are laid in all manner of places. For a specimen of unconscious absurdity in the way of romantic adventure, we may refer the reader to "Cricket on the Goodwins." Perhaps, however, it may be intended for a burlesque. In that case it is a success.

#### RELIGIOUS COMMENTARIES.\*

THE most momentous subject that can engage the attention of man is the truthful interpretation of the Bible; and it is a significant fact that the great controversies of the present day all settle around the Bible as their centre. The tidal wave, so to speak, of Biblical criticism has received a fresh impetus in this century,

\* Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Gospel of St. John. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Commentary on the First Epistle of John. By the Rev. Dr. Morgan. Same Publishers.

Commentary on Joshua, Judges, and Ruth. By Keil and Delitzsch. Same Publishers.

and is still sweeping onward. Commentaries of every kind, critical, mystical, devotional, are multiplying around us. The critic in such matters is always willing to take into account the arduous paths thick with the dust of controversy, and the many difficulties that beset the best-disposed commentator. A commentary worthy of the name is a golden thread, on which the varied truths and facts of Scripture, like so many pearls, are strung with order and design. Human reasoning must to a great extent effect this, and the real merit of a commentary consists in assigning to human reason its just limits, and leaving to the province of faith that which to the finite mind is inscrutable in the deep things of the infinite. The commentary on the Gospel of St. John, translated from the German of Dr. Hengstenberg, is a fair model of what, in this respect, such a work should be. Facts are set forward with the utmost precision and lucidity, and the most difficult points of some of the latter chapters of St. John's Gospel are discussed with an ability which indicates the high attainments of the author, and the profound research he has brought to bear upon these controverted questions. The volume opens with an investigation of the question whether the sinner of Luke vii., Mary Magdalene, and Mary the sister of Lazarus, were different persons, or only different designations of the same person. The author sets forward at some length the reasons which may be urged for and against the identity of these three names, and sums up the opinions of some of the Latin and Greek fathers on this point. Closely interwoven with this question is the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, which is discussed with much fulness and candour, the author clearing away at the outset all doubts relative to the authenticity of this miracle from the fact of its having been recorded only by St. John.

Perhaps the greatest difficulties of this Gospel centre around the chronology of the Paschal Feast, as celebrated by our Lord, St. John differing apparently on this point from the synoptical Evangelists. The last meal of Jesus, to which all in John's thirteenth chapter relates, was, according to the earlier Evangelists, the Paschal meal, and Jesus partook of it at the same time with the Jews, entirely according to the law and the universal custom of the feast. St. John, however, speaks of the self-same meal as *προ τῆς ἑορτῆς*, nor does he in his narrative make any mention of its being the Passover. Dr. Hengstenberg assumes, not without strong reasons, and we think rightly, that the beginning of the feast coincided with the beginning of the meal, and that the feet-washing occurred immediately before the beginning of the last Paschal meal. If this be the case, John is in perfect harmony with the other Evangelists, and we need not have recourse to the somewhat ingenious theory that, on the second day after the Passover, the Jews had another great household gathering, and that the *προ τῆς ἑορτῆς* literally means, "the feast that belonged to the Passover." There is much valuable comment on our Lord's intercessory prayer; suggestions also are thrown out which may lead to many profitable trains of thought. The expression *Παρασκευή τοῦ πάσχα* (preparation of the Passover) offers some difficulty. By some critics it has been understood to mean the day of preparation, on which the Paschal Lamb was provided; by others, that it was the preparation for the Sabbath in the Passover Feast. Dr. Hengstenberg gathers proofs from many sources to show that the latter interpretation is the correct one. On the whole, this is a valuable commentary, and ably supplies a gap in our sacred literature. It is a model of critical sagacity and discernment. Many commentaries are critical to excess; others discard analysis and reasoning altogether, and are forced therefore to take a one-sided view of questions, which too often leads them, where they have nothing to say, to indulge in common-places and idle periphrases. The pages before us breathe an earnest love of truth and a deep-toned spirituality, and we are glad to see the thoughts and researches of such a critic as Dr. Hengstenberg clothed in English dress, and at the disposal of all, both clergy and laity, who wish to profit by them.

Dr. Morgan, in a modest preface, introduces us to a Commentary on the First Epistle of John. We have had occasion to speak favourably of a work called "The Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit," by the same author, and, as a series of plain discourses or meditative readings, the present volume may be acceptable to some readers. As a commentary, however, the first objectionable point is the method of exposition pursued by the author. The volume consists of fifty-two lectures, each headed by a text chosen from the Epistle. Such a disposition must be a serious drawback to the freedom and breadth of view which should be the basis of every commentary. The judgment and skill of a commentator are more especially shown in the division of the matter which he handles: if it be clear and lucid, light is thrown upon the whole; but, if the divisions be too minute, and the leading features not clearly defined, the whole work will be marred. Dr. Morgan's work is therefore wanting in one of the essentials of a good commentary. Nor is there anything in the book which may serve to counterbalance this defect. We look in vain for anything like sound and healthy criticism of the sacred text. The author, however, leads us to expect as much in his preface, when he says, "There is no learned criticism nor scholarly disquisition; but I count it better to say, 'I think that I have the spirit of God' and 'the mind of Christ.'" Not a single appeal or reference is made to the original Greek, the author having apparently taken for his text-book our authorized version. 1 John v. 7 is represented as of doubtful authenticity; it is used, however, as a keynote to a dissertation on the Trinity. The exegesis of Chap. iii. 2 would have been more satisfactory had the author followed closely the Greek text, rather than the authorized version. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God . . . when he shall appear, we shall be like him." Dr. Morgan's comment



on the words "He shall appear," is as follows:—"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven. He will come in the glory of His Father. Every eye shall see Him." The simple reading of the English text would of course suggest such a line of interpretation; but the *ὁ δὲ θεὸς ὁ πατὴρ* of the Greek would be better rendered—"but we know that when that shall appear"—namely what we are to be—"we shall be like Him" (like God the Father) for we shall see Him ("God the Father") "as He is." Identification with Christ is plainly laid down in the verse which follows, where a different pronoun is used (*ἐκείνος*, not *αὐτός*), *αὐτός* in the previous verse referring to the Father, *ἐκείνος* in this, to the Son. With such a starting point, the exegesis of this passage might be one of singular beauty and significance, but Dr. Morgan's comment shows that, missing the true keynote, the whole interpretation is thrown out of tune.

If we cast these lectures into another crucible, and judge them as a series of sermons, they will not reach the standard even of the most lenient critic. There is nothing striking about them, either in plan or in execution. They are simply an exposition of such thoughts as would suggest themselves to the mind of an intelligent reader of the authorized version. To sum all up, we would say that Dr. Morgan's Commentary, as such, is neither good nor bad, but indifferent.

We turn with great satisfaction to a Commentary on Joshua, Judges, &c., by Keil and Delitzsch. A thorough exegesis of these books was sadly wanting in the present day, and we are glad to see that Messrs. Clark, by the publication of this volume, have to some extent come forward and healed the breach. Critics of the sacred historical books too often lose sight of what has been rightly termed "the philosophy of history." The authors of the present volume take this, as far as standards of human criticism can be introduced into the sacred writings, as their *locus standi*. We thus get in fair proportion sound exegesis and healthy historical criticism. The "introduction to the prophetic histories of the Old Testament" is remarkably good. It brings out forcibly the reason why the four historical books—Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings—should be especially designated prophetic books of history:—

"Because they describe the history of the Old Testament covenant, nation, and kingdom of God in the light of the Divine plan of salvation, setting forth the Divine revelation as it was accomplished in the historical development of Israel, or showing how the Almighty God and Lord of the whole earth continued as King of Israel uninterruptedly to fulfil the covenant of grace which He had concluded with the fathers."

Many points of interest to the Biblical critic are to be found in these books, and they are treated in the work before us in a most amplified and lucid manner; for example, the miracle of the sun standing still, concerning which three methods of explication are noticed, and the nature of Jephthah's vow, which, as a logical sequence of the admirable reasoning employed by the commentators, is looked upon as of purely spiritual interpretation. Such a commentary offers invaluable helps, not to the clergy alone, but to every biblical student and earnest inquirer after truth.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

*Fraser* has for its first paper a very able article on "The Jamaica Problem." This has no direct reference to the recent disturbance in the chief of our West Indian possessions, but is a consideration of the general state of the island, and of the effect of emancipation on the blacks. The tone of the article is extremely gloomy throughout. The writer asserts—basing his statements on the evidence furnished by various official reports and other works—that, although the negroes advanced favourably for the first few years of their freedom, they have for some time past receded rapidly towards barbarism, and have become inordinately idle, vicious, and intractable. Immorality prevails among them to a frightful extent; crime is increasing; illegitimate children are abandoned by their parents, and aged parents by their children; the land is ill-cultivated and imperfectly drained, and the dwellings of the coloured population defy every sanitary law in their closeness, filth, and dilapidation. The poverty of the people, which is not denied, is traced to their incurable laziness; and Dr. Underhill is accused of reckless exaggeration in his now celebrated letter to Mr. Cardwell. On the other hand, the whites are spoken of as, in many respects, not much better; and the Home Government and Parliament are called on to apply a remedy to this state of things, if they have "manhood and statesmanship equal to the task, and capable of rising to the greatness of the emergency." The writer insists on the absolute necessity of governing the negroes with great strictness—of treating them, in fact, as children; and he thinks that the best course would be to apprentice them for a term of years to the planters, though he doubts if the "foolish and illogical British Parliament" would sanction such a measure. But, in any case, labour must be made obligatory on the young; education also must be made compulsory, and crime must be suppressed or punished with a stern hand. The next article is by "A. K. H. B." It sets off with some remarks on beards, which, though regarded with a certain pious horror only fourteen years ago, are now worn by a large proportion of our male population, even, in many instances, by clergymen. This commencement, however, is one of the writer's well-known tricks for luring his readers into deeper waters; his object being to show that during the same period marked progress has been made in much more important matters, especially in the willingness now exhibited by many ministers of the Scottish Church to ameliorate the austerity and stubbornness of the national ideas and practices in religion, and to adopt some of the views and customs

of the Church of England. "The Minister's Sandy and Jess," a story of Scottish life, is succeeded by a paper on "Clubs," based on Mr. Timbs's recently published work, and full of most amusing reading. "The Domesday of Hampshire" is an article on two works having reference to that part of William the Conqueror's celebrated survey of the landed and taxable property of England, in the year 1086, which relates to Hampshire. The paper contains many very curious antiquarian details, and presents a remarkable picture of the England of nearly eight hundred years ago. Mr. G. O. Trevelyan's Indian drama, "The Dawk Bungalow," commenced last month, is this month completed. Sir Edmund Head contributes some "Ballads from the Spanish," which we cannot regard as equal to Lockhart's; and the other articles are one on the late Admiral Smyth, and one on "British Conchology."

Dr. Whewell opens *Macmillan* with an essay on "Comte and Positivism," in which he combats some of the opinions concerning the celebrated French philosopher lately put forward by Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. G. H. Lewes, and speaks of Comte as being an erroneous thinker, an unsatisfactory reasoner, and in many respects a shallow pretender to knowledge which he did not possess. Mr. Edward Dicey gives us some lively and picturesque "Glimpses of Magyar Land," and Mr. G. O. Trevelyan publishes a lecture on "City Life in Old Greece," delivered in the course of January at North Shields, Newcastle, and Edinburgh, and done in a very amusing and vivid style, occasionally, perhaps, a little too colloquial. The "Essay at Odd Times" is entitled, "Of a Rock Limpet," but is too discursive for analysis. "Dr. Newman's Answer to Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon'" is of course anti-Newmanish in tone, though the illustrious pervert is very highly spoken of as a man of conscience and genius. The paper by Mr. T. Collyns Simon, "Can we See Distance?" moots a very puzzling question—viz., "If we opened our eyes for the first time upon the world around us, should we be able to know immediately—without any reflection or any experience—that the objects which we saw were at a distance from our eyes? Should we be able to see that there was space around us?"—a question decided in the negative, on grounds too elaborate to be here described. Mr. C. E. Prichard writes an essay on "A Question Concerning Art," in which he contends that art should have some reference to moral truth; the serial tales are continued; and Miss Christina G. Rossetti and Mr. Arthur J. Munby contribute two short pieces of poetry.

The two most interesting articles in the *Cornhill* are "The Study of Celtic Literature," by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and "A Visit to the Suez Canal." The first is the introductory part of what we suppose is to be a series, and contains some noteworthy details with reference to the controversies between Celtic scholars as to the alleged antiquity of certain Welsh and Irish MSS. Mr. Arnold, with his cosmopolitan sympathies, is for giving increased attention to the language and literature of the early races of the British isles; but he laments the endeavours of the Welsh to perpetuate their tongue as a living speech, and to set up a sort of rival nationality to that of the Anglo-Saxon race. "The fusion of all the inhabitants of these islands into one homogeneous, English-speaking whole," writes Mr. Arnold, "the breaking down of barriers between us, the swallowing up of separate provincial nationalities, is a consummation to which the natural course of things irresistibly tends; it is a necessity of what is called modern civilization, and modern civilization is a real, legitimate force; the change must come, and its accomplishment is a mere affair of time. The sooner the Welsh language disappears as an instrument of the practical, political, social life of Wales, the better; the better for England, the better for Wales itself." Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold takes a deep interest in Welsh literature for its own sake, and wishes it were studied in a more philosophical and impartial spirit. The article on the Suez Canal is written by one who has himself visited the territory which it traverses, and made personal inquiry into the progress and prospects of M. de Lesseps' grand scheme. It is illustrated by a map, is written with great clearness, and throws much light upon one of the most important enterprises of the present day—one in which England, as the possessor of India, is peculiarly interested, but with respect to which there is in the English mind a lamentable amount of foginess, made up of jealousy of French influence in Egypt, apprehension of the consequences of that influence, and downright ignorance of the facts. The writer gives a preliminary sketch of former attempts to accomplish a similar purpose—those of the ancient Pharaohs and Ptolemies, and those of the Mohammedan Caliphs; but the most important part of the article is that which relates to the scheme now partially realized. The present state of the works is this:—The great maritime canal is open, in the temporary form of a thin and shallow trench called "the Rigole," from the Mediterranean to the half-way station on Lake Timsah, where it meets the sweet-water canal which has been cut from Zagazig, a considerable distance to the west, on the ancient Tanitic branch of the Nile. The sweet-water canal at this point bends southward, and runs in a parallel line with the maritime canal to Suez, on the Red Sea. "By using the maritime rigole at the northern end of the line, and the sweet-water canal at the southern, it is possible now," says our authority, "to pass from one sea to the other, at least in one of the country boats." This is what was done last August. The other articles in the *Cornhill* do not demand special attention, excepting, perhaps, one on the Cattle Plague, which advocates the "stamping out" plan, and rebukes the Government for supineness. "Armada" enters on its Fifth Book, and we have three more chapters of the new novel, "The Claverings."

The *Dublin University Magazine* contains, amongst other matter, a highly entertaining paper on "The Folk Books of France," quaint with old legends and moralities; and a very unsatisfactory article on "Percy Bysshe Shelley, his Life and Character." We have had a good many books and Magazine and Review articles of late about Shelley, and, unless a writer can do something more than reproduce old and in some respects utterly incorrect materials, it would be better for him to hold his peace. The author of the essay to which we have just alluded repeats the untruthful and unaccountable story about Shelley's desertion of his first wife put forward some six years ago by the poet's old friend, the late Mr. Peacock; being



apparently unaware that that story was entirely disproved in an answer to its promulgator, written by Mr. Richard Garnett, who, having had access to all the family papers bearing on the subject, showed, by an unanswerable array of facts, that the separation from the first wife was—as Shelley's intimate friend, Leigh Hunt, had averred—by mutual consent. Mr. Peacock, we believe, never made any rejoinder to this reply, and must therefore be considered self-condemned; yet we have frequently seen his original statement repeated with the utmost confidence by writers who have overlooked the denial. So much more easy is it to gain a general hearing for a calumny than for its refutation. That Shelley's conduct in the matter was contrary to the received rules of morality is not to be questioned; but that there was a heartless desertion and abandonment is distinctly disproved.

The *Month* opens with a study in political biography, in the shape of an article on Sir Robert Walpole, as the first of a series on English Premiers. "Carmel and Beyroun" is a pleasant bit of description of scenes the interest of which is undying. In "Pamphlets on the 'Eirenicon,'" we have of course a piece of theological controversy, directed against Dr. Pusey, into which we will not enter. "Weather Wisdom" is an account of the main conclusions as to the probabilities of the approaching weather to be deduced from the teachings of the late Admiral Fitzroy and M. Mathieu de la Drôme; and the article on "Joseph in Egypt," in illustration of the Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, is an interesting summary of our knowledge concerning the land of the Pharaohs at the time of Joseph. The most noteworthy article in the number is one called "De Profundis," which opens with an apparent plea for more than a thousand Protestant children in a South American city, who are "compelled to be present at Popish ceremonies, and to repeat the Popish catechism; are deprived of Protestant books, and kept from communication with Protestant ministers." This, in a Roman Catholic publication, sounds rather strange; but it is simply a pleasant device to attract attention, the real grievance being the hardship of depriving Irish orphans in London workhouses of the liberty of worshipping according to their faith, and of compelling them to join in Protestant ceremonies.

*Temple Bar* continues to improve in its literary character. The March number contains some excellent papers, of which the most remarkable is that entitled "A Real Casual on Casual Wards," with an introduction and notes by Mr. J. C. Parkinson, a gentleman who has given a great deal of attention to the working of the Poor Law and the condition of our workhouses, with respect to which he has published some interesting reports in the *Daily News*. Having announced, by advertisement in the *Times* of January 23rd, a reward of a sovereign to any one who had slept in the labour-shed of Lambeth workhouse on January 8th (the night of the *Pall Mall* contributor's visit), and who would communicate with the advertiser, he succeeded in unearthing the respectable man who was described in the celebrated sketches as holding a philological discussion with another casual on the value of the "fine old Saxon word 'kindle.'" This person, it appears, has been a draughtsman or land surveyor, and has fallen into vagabondage from some cause or causes to be hereafter explained. He writes intelligently and clearly, with but few errors of grammar or spelling, and his account, in all essentials, confirms that of the *Pall Mall* writer, and gives details with respect to several of the other workhouses, which show that mismanagement of the grossest kind is widely spread. Mr. Parkinson appears to have taken every possible precaution against imposition, and he has no doubt whatever of the accuracy of the information he prints. Among the other articles are one by Mr. Sala on Glasgow (continuing the subject of last month), in which he warmly denounces the filth, vice, brutality, and drunkenness, to be seen in certain quarters of the great Scottish city, combined with rigid Sabbatarianism; and a good piece of literary and theatrical gossip "In and about Drury Lane."

The *Argosy* furnishes abundance of light reading, but nothing specially noteworthy, unless it be Arminius Vámbéry's article, "The Caravan in the Desert." In the *Victoria Magazine*, Mr. P. F. André writes a good account of Lady Hester Stanhope, the eccentric Eastern traveller, and Dr. Edmunds discourses on "Pestilence;" and in *Good Words* we find some details of prison life by Mr. William Gilbert, entitled, "A Half-Hour in a Cell in Holloway Prison," in which we are introduced to the antecedents of one of the convicts, narrated as nearly as possible in his own language.

We have also received the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Once a Week*, *Merry and Wise*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, the *Floral World and Garden Guide*, the *Household*, the *Church*, the *Baptist Magazine*, the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine*, and the *Young Englishwoman*.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Crimson Pages. A Story of the Sixteenth Century.* By John Tillotson, Author of "Stories of the Wars," &c. (S. O. Beeton.)—By "Crimson Pages" Mr. Tillotson means pages of history stained with blood; and accordingly his little volume is appropriately bound in red. It is a tale of the persecution of the Protestants in Holland at the time of the Reformation, and relates the adventures of a young lady of high birth—the Lady Elizabeth—who, though brought up as a strict Papist, is converted to the new faith, and of one Liebhart, a youth, the son of a heretic mother, who has been drowned for her Protestant opinions. The two of course fall in love with one another, pass through a world of perils and trials, and, at length escaping into one of the Protestant States of Germany, are comfortably married, and pass the rest of their days in prosperity. Mr. Tillotson's style is commonplace and poor enough. His characters converse after the stock fashion of the heroes, heroines, knaves, and buffoons of melodrama; and the author sometimes indulges in reflections after this fashion:—"There are, more's the pity, too many pages of history stained with the crimson tide of life. Battle, and murder, and violent death have made dread work in the world since Cain slew Abel. But I suppose there are no pages so deeply stained with blood as those

which chronicle religious persecution. Religious! what a mockery it seems to call a persecution by that holy name!" Or this:—"Into whose inflammable mind was it that the Evil One first cast the brand of torture? Who was the first who employed his wit to twist and cripple poor human limbs, to maim, and scar, and burn poor frail man-flesh? Cain, I suspect, was he." We submit that this is doing Cain an injustice: nothing so bad is recorded of him. Notwithstanding these absurdities, and several faults of style, Mr. Tillotson's book is amusing, and to young readers will probably be fascinating. The story is full of motion and excitement, and there is a certain picturesqueness in the way in which the old Dutch life is brought before our eyes. In future, however, the author should avoid such exaggerations as making a devout Roman Catholic speak of the Bible as "a bad book," and such sensational chapter-heads as—"Search!—Lizzie escapes!—Followed!—A Proclamation!"—"Lizzie is taken!—Lizzie's Examination—What is Baptism?—Meinheim's Agony—No Surrender!"—"The Father's Distress!—Have you a Heart?"—"Lizzie's Danger—The Miniature!—The Search for the Fugitive!"—"Lizzie's Prison—The Idiot's Help—Wings to Fly with—Out of the Toils—Anselmo Strikes the Idiot—Happy at Last!" All of which remind us of the playbill analysis of a Coburg drama.

*Sweet Counsel. A Book for Girls.* By Sarah Tytler, author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." (Warne & Co.)—*The Milestones of Life.* By the Rev. A. F. Thomson, B.A., author of "The English School Room," &c. (Same Publishers.)—The authoress of the first of these volumes imagines herself addressing a certain "Mary," a relative whom she has lost when a child, but whom she keeps beside her in fancy, mentally seeing her grow up into a woman, and pass through the various phases of life. The idea is admittedly derived from a similar thought in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Professor Wilson; but it is carried out with a good deal of sweetness, tenderness, and pathos, not unmingled with humour and dry Scotch sense, for the writer is apparently from the North. The fault of the book is in its length: a subject such as we have described is apt to be at times rather wearisome when protracted through 308 pages. The Rev. Mr. Thomson's work, "Milestones of Life"—the purport of which, says the writer, is to present "a thoughtful consideration of those periods or events which distinctly mark the course of our earthly pilgrimage"—is also too long. Much of it is true and sensible enough; but it is occasionally somewhat prosy. In passing, we may inform Mr. Thomson that the lines which he quotes, at the commencement of Chapter XIV., from "one of our old poets"—Chaucer he inclines to think—occur in Spenser's "Faery Queene," Book I., c. 9, st. 40, and run thus:—

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

Mr. Thomson quotes the second line incorrectly, omits the first clause, interpolates the word "often" before "greatly please," and then adds this comment:—"The poet, you see, guards himself from too general an assertion, and confines himself by the word 'often' from too sweeping a statement." Spenser, it will be observed, makes no qualification whatever.

*Domestic Pictures and Tales.* By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.)—The writings of Mrs. Gatty are so well known that we need not devote much space to an account of her present performance. When an authoress has a large body of readers ready to welcome with delight anything she puts forth, she may consider herself tolerably independent of the critics. Mrs. Gatty has a reputation of some years' standing among one of the largest bodies of readers in the country—the vast and ever-increasing public of young folks; and it is evident that she is well skilled in hitting the tastes of those fastidious, and in a certain sense highly critical, patrons. To do this is not so easy as might at first sight appear; for children know a good story from a bad one extremely well, and are not at all disposed to accept the one for the other. These "Domestic Pictures and Tales" are sufficiently interesting to please old and young, though of course they are principally designed for the latter. The first of the series—a mere sketch entitled "Only Grandmamma"—is a charming bit of humour and pathos, spoiled, however, we cannot but think, by the death-bed sermon which the authoress has put into the mouth of poor old grandmamma, and which, in its pretentious and pragmatical tone, is quite inconsistent with the sweet and unassuming character which has been given to the speaker. "Robin the Conjuror" is a droll old legend, excellently told; and the other tales and sketches are varied in character, and handled in Mrs. Gatty's well-known easy style. What we chiefly object to is a tendency to sermonize, and to be extra "good;" but kindness of heart and cheerfulness are amongst the authoress's good qualities, and these will cover a great deal of moralizing.

*English Literature and Composition.* By the Rev. Robert Demaus, Author of "Class-Book of English Prose," &c. (Longmans & Co.)—Regretting the absence at our chief Universities of any class for the study of the English language and literature, and heartily approving of the introduction into the Indian Civil Service Examinations of those branches of knowledge, Mr. Demaus has set himself the task of composing a guide to candidates. In the volume before us he describes the subjects included under the head "English Language and Literature" in the examinations to which we have referred, and gives an outline of a course of study, general directions for answering examination papers both with and without answers, &c. Some remarks on "Composition" are added towards the end of the book. The work seems to be efficiently and intelligently written, though so some of the critical opinions advanced by the author are at least disputable. In the directions as to "Composition," it is to be regretted that Mr. Demaus was not a little more particular as to his own grammar and style. On p. 156 we find these sentences:—"Let him [the student] read aloud Macaulay's *Essays and History*, and he will insensibly learn to appreciate the admirable clearness and energy of that writer." "Books of composition prescribe various rules for the structure and arrangement of essays; but these are usually too formal and pedantic, and practice and a good master is far more beneficial than any formal



system of rules." These slips would be comparatively unimportant in ordinary writing; but when an author is addressing students, and giving them directions for accurate composition, he should be correct, even at the risk of seeming "formal and pedantic."

*Mill and Carlyle. An Examination of Mr. John Stuart Mill's Doctrine of Causation in Relation to Moral Freedom; with an Occasional Discourse on Saurteig, by "Smelfungus."* By Patrick Proctor Alexander, A.M. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—We take it for granted that most readers south of the Tweed are by this time tired of the controversy on Necessity and Free Will arising out of Mr. John Stuart Mill's work on Sir William Hamilton published last summer. Our Scotch brethren, however, are notoriously never weary of arguing on "metaphysical" subjects, and to them Mr. Alexander's reply to the new member for Westminster will, no doubt, be charming. For ourselves, as we have already more than once gone over the disputed theses—concerning which human beings seem no more capable of coming to any absolute conclusion than Milton's subtly-discouraging devils who sate on that "hill retired," anticipating Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill, and all the rest of them—we shall simply inform those whom it may concern that Mr. Patrick Proctor Alexander has entered the field of controversy, and that, by way of recreation after his severer passage of arms, he has written a sort of burlesque on the style of the author of "Sartor Resartus," which is clever and amusing.

*Comfort for Small Incomes.* By Mrs. Warren. (Office of the Ladies' Treasury.)—Mrs. Warren has already told us, in previous publications, how she managed her house on £200 a year, and how she managed her children. She now reprints from her monthly Magazine, the *Ladies' Treasury*, a series of papers addressed to all those (and they are a very numerous public) whose incomes are smaller than they could wish. The book consists of an account of the authoress's experiences as to the best way of managing servants, recommendations as to household management generally, and recipes for cooking. The recipes, however, are not to be regarded as rendering unnecessary Mrs. Warren's forthcoming work, "The Epicure," which, we see by an announcement on the cover of the present book, is to help us to "wholesome and appetising" dishes, however moderate our incomes may be. We are also promised some "Cards for the Kitchen," so made as to be hung up in that sanctum, and containing printed instructions how to cook soups, fish, meat, game, &c. Mrs. Warren has evidently taken us under her protection, and we ought all to feel very much obliged to her.

*Practical Observations on the Intellectual, Sanitary, and Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb.* By Henry Samuel Purdon, M.D., Fellow of the Anthropological Society, London. (Belfast: Adair.)—*The Sanitary Aspect of Philanthropy.* By Hugh Shimmis. (Liverpool: Brakell.)—Dr. Purdon has produced a very interesting pamphlet on the various conditions attendant on deafness and dumbness, and on the most approved modern methods of treating those infirmities. The subject is of course too technical for us to enter upon; but we may say that the author's views are based on personal observation in the Ulster Institution, as well as on inquiries of a more abstract nature. Mr. Shimmis's brief discourse on "The Sanitary Aspect of Philanthropy" was originally delivered as an address before the Young Men's Christian Association of Liverpool. It gives a very bad account of the sanitary state of that town; but it may be doubted whether there is anything worse on the banks of the Mersey than in some parts of the banks of the Thames.

*The Omnibus. A Satire.* (Trübner & Co.)—Had the author of this "satire" possessed the genius of Gay, he might have produced a poem on the streets of London as they now are as good as the "Trivia" of the amiable and witty friend of Pope, Swift, Addison, and Arbuthnot, who has made us as familiar with the London of Queen Anne's time as if we had actually lived in those days ourselves. But he is only a botcher, and his idea of wit is to make extravagant puns after the manner of a Strand burlesque. The title of his poem is a misnomer, as the verses have very little reference to omnibuses or the riders in them. They consist for the most part of a series of descriptive pictures of celebrated London preachers, amongst whom the Rev. Mr. F. D. Maurice is the most highly commended. The writer's enthusiasm is better than his irony; but even in the latter respect he has not failed worse than many others of the present day. The power of writing the more airy forms of satire came in, and went out, with wigs and powder.

*Studies in Parliament. A Series of Sketches of Leading Politicians.* By R. H. Hutton. (Longmans & Co.)—The volume thus entitled is a reprint from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is a collection of political portraits in pen and ink, ranging from Earl Russell to Mr. Gœschen, from Mr. Gladstone to Lord Cranborne, from Lord Brougham to Mr. Bright, from Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Stansfeld. Other names, more or less well known, are included in the list, and the two final papers are devoted to the great statesmen whom we lost in 1865—Mr. Cobden and Lord Palmerston—all the other essays being on living men. Mr. Hutton is ingenious and clever in his estimate of the politicians he undertakes to describe, and his style is lively and incisive. His opinions, of course, as would naturally be the case where there is so much generalization, furnish plenty of matter both for agreement and disagreement; but we must hand them over to our readers, to deal with as they may think best.

*Dores de Gualdim. A Tale of the Portuguese Revolution of 1640.* (J. H. & J. Parker.)—This is one of a series of "Historical Tales," and is written in continuation of a story that has already appeared. It describes in the form of a spirited narrative the events attending the successful rising of the Portuguese against the detested rule of the Spaniards, which, after an existence of seventy years, they brought to an ignominious termination. The whole tale is comprised in ninety-four small pages of rather large type, published in a stiff wrapper for a shilling; so that no great demand is made on either the reader's pocket or his patience. There is a little affectation of colloquialism in the style; but the events of a stirring period are well, and no doubt accurately, described.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

CONCERNING the newly-arranged and newly-edited "Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, adapted for General Use," which we alluded to a fortnight since as having been sanctioned or edited by various distinguished persons, Mr. Hutchings of Banbury writes to say "that the book in question was printed by W. Pott & Son, Albion Office, Parson-street, Banbury, and, as it proved abortive at its birth, the unsold copies were sold, as already known. Mr. Piper's compilation was a modified form of the Socinian Lindsey revised Liturgy." In an article upon the rebuilding of Christ Church Chapel, Banbury, from the pen of Mr. Hutchings, we learn that the late Rev. H. H. Piper, the recent minister, after he had succeeded in getting a chapel erected according to his own ideas of Christian architecture, turned his attention to a reformation of the old Liturgy. As soon as the opening services were matters of history (Mr. Hutchings writes), "it was whispered among the congregation at tea parties that Mr. Piper had prepared a reformed Liturgy, that Mr. Potts was printing it, that its adoption in Christ Church Chapel would bring a host of proselytes from the Established Church, that it would be speedily admitted into all churches of the kingdom and the colonies, that the sale would be immense and make the Albion Office famous, and that Mr. Piper, in his old age, felt himself called to be a Liturgical reformer and apostle of a new Christian era." We are further told that the old form of devotion was violently set aside at the bidding of the trustees, and that Mr. Piper's "Mangled Church Liturgy" was introduced the following year. If space permitted, we would give further particulars of this attempt at "reforming our liturgy" as supplied us by Mr. Hutchings; but we are glad at any rate, after all the rumours that have been put in circulation, to make known the real editor of this "Book of Common Prayer adapted for General Use."

Messrs. Cassell's subscription list for the English edition of Gustave Doré's famous Bible illustrations has been an extraordinary one. The first impression has been almost entirely absorbed, and the booksellers of London alone put down their names for nearly 30,000 copies.

Now that matters are gradually righting themselves in the Southern States of America, and "war news" no longer fills the local papers, a great demand appears to have set in for the literature of England, France, and Germany, as well as for that of the Northern States, although the latter is not always preferred when there is plenty of the other kinds to select from. Tired of bloodshed, and anxious to turn the current of their thoughts, the Southerners are interesting themselves in the literature of the past five years, seeing what the world has been doing in the book way during the long blockade. A Georgia paper tells us:—"The disposition to read new books, as now displayed in the South, is unexampled. All manner of books are purchased eagerly, and read with avidity. Poetry, which a few years ago would have remained on the shelves of bookstores until cobwebs had thickened over the covers, is now bought up and read with a ready relish; and works of fiction, no matter how weak and stale, find some tender female to weep over the haps and mishaps of their ill-conceived heroines. We are glad to see this evident bearing of the public mind. An epoch of bookmaking is the happiest one in the history of a nation. It is significant of wealth and prosperity. It shows that the minds of the people are turned away from golden idols, and are seeking food for mental culture. It evinces the fact that war and its concomitant train are no longer biasing the public mind; but that all are willing to come up and feed at the same intellectual stall, and labour together for the propagation of an era of letters in our national history. Let us have it."

The original manuscript of Humboldt's "Cosmos" has just been presented to the Emperor Napoleon by M. Buschmann, Royal Librarian, and member of the Berlin Scientific Academy. This very valuable collection consisted of five immense volumes in quarto, containing the corrected sheets from which the first edition of the work was struck at Baron Georges de Colla's printing-office at Stuttgart. The Emperor has sent the MS. to the Imperial Library, as he conceives that so valuable a gift ought not to remain in any private collection.

The widow of the artist who illustrated the early numbers of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" is about to issue a new and complete edition of "Seymour's Humorous Sketches," comprising one hundred and eighty comic designs of Cockney Life, Sporting Adventures, and other droll subjects which engaged her husband's fertile pencil. An unauthorized edition of some eighty of these plates has recently been published, from which the widow will not derive any benefit whatever. To protect herself, she has determined upon issuing an entirely new edition, to which will be prefixed a memoir of her husband, with some new and interesting particulars concerning the origin of the "Pickwick Papers," and the artist's connection with them.

Bibliomania in America is rapidly spreading. The taste for large paper copies is much more general there at the present moment than here; and local Antiquarian Societies and Printing Clubs, after the fashion of our Archaeological Societies and Book Clubs, are being established in numerous districts. One of the most recent is the "Narragansett Club," an association of persons "interested in the preservation and dissemination of an early literature not easily accessible to general readers." The "Club" proposes to reprint several of the rare books relating to Rhode Island and other parts of New England. The first work undertaken is a new edition of the writings of Roger Williams; to be followed by reprints of the works of John Cotton, George Fox, and John Clarke.

Another new school journal has recently appeared—the *King's College School Magazine*, price fourpence, monthly. From the second number, now before us, we get some idea of the subjects treated of. The titles of the articles in Number 2 are "On Mercy to Conceited Persons;" "Postage Stamps;" "Horace. Ode I.;" "Juganatha's Image at Pooree;" "From Charing Cross to King's College" (an antiquarian article); "Literary Union;" "A Veteran Soldier;" and "Notes and Queries."

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, the well-known Shakespearian commentator, is very anxious to trace the whereabouts of an imperfect copy of Shake-



spears's "Love's Labour Lost," 1598, which was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's in 1826, "for the small sum of £2. 6s." The late Mr. Thomas Thorpe, the learned bookseller, bought it; but all endeavours to trace it further have failed. Mr. Halliwell says:—"Now, if this imperfect copy has the first three leaves of text in fine condition, the sum of one hundred guineas will be given for it," on application to him.

The very curious library of the late Edward Higge, Esq., which Messrs. Sotheby have just sold, contained some exceedingly rare books. Amongst them was a copy of that all-but unique volume, "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," written and printed by Benjamin Franklin, when a journeyman in London, in 1725. The book was somewhat atheistical, and, although the author issued it privately, he was ashamed of his performance directly he had completed it, and resolved forthwith to destroy the edition. It is supposed that not more than two copies are in existence.

In anticipation of the very curious work which is about to appear on the origin and history of signboards, a reprint of an old tract has been made, from the excessively rare original in the collection of Mr. J. B. Inglis, the well-known collector of early English literature. The title of this reprint is as follows:—"A Vade-Mecum for Malt Worms; or, a Guide to Good Fellows; being a description of the manners and customs of the most eminent public-houses in and about the cities of London and Westminster," &c. Each page has a comic woodcut; but those given in the reprint are much coarser and far more ugly than those in the original.

The *Book-Worm* is the title of a burlesque "Illustrated Literary and Bibliographical Review" which has just appeared. It is apparently produced by the editor or facsimilist of the preceding reprint, and contains numerous "illustrations," far more rude and unsightly than any to be found in our old literature since the days of block-books and poor men's Bibles. Apparently, this is the *Bibliomaniac*, a similar sheet issued a few years since, revived.

One of the most recent caricatures from America is entitled "An Increasing Nuisance," and represents John Bull as an organ-grinder, his instrument labelled "London Times," from which he is playing, apparently with great delight, such airs as "Andy is my Darling," "Grant is the Boy for bewitching 'em," and "Hail Columbia!" He is in front of Uncle Sam's house, the master of which, stopping his ears with his hands, appears at the window, and thus expresses himself:—"Darn that old rascal!—I could bear his impudence, but his cursed toadyism is more than I can stand."

A short time since, a little brochure was issued in Paris, price fifty centimes, giving a history of the popular subscription in Paris to the Lincoln Medal. From this we learn that it is intended to present the Medal to Mrs. Lincoln on the 14th of next April, the anniversary of the assassination. The brochure is entitled "La Medaille de la Liberté," and contains, besides the narrative and correspondence in relation to the medal, a biography of the late President.

The Methodists in America—the most considerable Christian body there—are busy making preparations for the Centenary celebration of American Methodism. In 1766, Philip Embury, an Irish local preacher, addressed five persons in his own house in New York. This was the first Methodist service held in the New World. The denomination has just completed the plans of its jubilee, even to the publication of a "Centenary Book," and various "Tracts." The first Sunday of the year was observed with preparatory sermons and devotions, and some wealthy members have already promised a quarter of million dollars each to an immense fund which it is intended to form.

The shilling edition of "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language," edited by Dr. Nuttall, and published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, is stated to have already reached a sale of 128,000.

"President Lincoln Self-Portrayed" is the title of a volume by Mr. J. Malcolm Ludlow, published this day by Mr. BENNETT of Bishopsgate.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce "Recollections of a Life of Adventure," by William Stamer, Esq. ("Mark Tapley"), 2 vols., with portrait; "Hester's Sacrifice," by the author of "St. Olave's," &c., 3 vols.; and "Beyond the Church," a novel, 3 vols.

Mr. BENTLEY's list of books in preparation comprises "Dion and the Sybils," a novel, by Miles Gerald Keon, Colonial Secretary, Bermuda, 2 vols.

Messrs. LOW, SON, & MARSTON, announce among new novels in the press:—"Unconventional," by the Author of "St. Agnes's Bay," 3 vols.; "A Casual Acquaintance," by Mrs. Duffus Hardy, 2 vols.; "The Story of Kennett," by Bayard Taylor, 3 vols.; and "Matins and Muttons," by Cuthbert Bede, 2 vols., &c.

Mr. George Jesse is about to publish "Researches into the History of the British Dog, from Ancient Laws, Charters, and Historical Records," with original anecdotes and illustrations of the nature and attributes of the dog, from the poets and prose writers of mediæval and modern times, with twenty whole-page engravings, designed and etched by the author.

The second volume of Professor Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," including warm-blooded Vertebrates, with 406 woodcuts, will be published this day.

Messrs. LOCKWOOD & Co. have in the press, handsomely printed, with numerous illustrations, a work entitled, "Fires, Fire Engines, and Fire Brigades," by Charles F. T. Young; and the "Student's Text-book of Electricity," by Henry M. Noad, closely printed, with several hundred illustrations.

Mr. Whyte Melville's new novel, entitled "Cerise," is nearly ready, and will be published by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, in 3 vols.

The *Shilling Magazine* will in future be published by Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, of Fleet-street.

One of Doré's first and best books has just been reproduced in an English dress by Messrs. WARD & LOCK, who deserve every praise for bringing the volume out in a style almost equal to the original Paris edition. We allude to Perrault's "Fairy Tales," or, as the English editor, Mr. Thomas Hood, has it, "The Fairy Realm, a Collection of the Favourite Old Tales."

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (H. C.), Sundays at Encombe. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Baker (B.), Diagrams of Weights of Girders. 4to., 3s.  
 Bell & Daldy's Pocket Volumes.—Shakespeare, edited by T. Keightley. Vol. IV. 18mo., 3s.  
 Birthday Scripture Text Book. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Bohn's Scientific Library.—Clark (H.), Introduction to Heraldry. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Boy's Prize Book of Games and Pastimes. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Burke (Sir J.), Dormant and Extinct Peerages. New edit. Royal 8vo., £2. 2s.  
 Camidge (C. E.), History of Wakefield. 18mo., 3s.  
 Cesar de Bello Gallico. Books I. to VII. With Notes by A. K. Iabister. 12mo., 4s.  
 Chambers' Readings in English Literature. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 ——— Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. 12mo., 4s. 6d.  
 Cooper (J. F.), The Last of the Mohicans. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Dion and the Sibyls. By Mr. G. Keon. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 1s.  
 Eastern Gleams: Metrical Essays on Gospel History. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. Vol. I. 1866. 4to., 7s. 6d.  
 ——— Ditto. Supplementary Vol. 4to., 10s. 6d.  
 Falkner Lyle, by Mark Lemon. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Friend Eli's Daughter. Fcap., 2s.  
 Hardy (R. S.), Legends and Theories of the Buddhists. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Hamilton (Sir W.), Lectures on Logic. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 4s.  
 Heaven our Home. New edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 James (G. P. R.), Gentleman of the Old School. Fcap., 1s.  
 Jackson (B.), on Repentance. 9th edit. 18mo., 1s.  
 Kempis (Thomas à), Imitation of Christ. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Kirk (E. W.), Lectures on the Parables. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Lamb (W.), Experience of, by J. Jefferson. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Life in Heaven. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Lucy Neville and her Schoolfellows. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Manning (Miss), Household of Sir T. More. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
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 ——— Old Chelsea Bunhouse. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 ——— Deborah's Diary. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
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 Meet for Heaven. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Miss Crosby's Matchmaking. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Mogridge (G.), Sketches from my Note Book. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Modern Characteristics. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Owen (B.), Anatomy of Vertebrates. Vol. II.—Birds and Mammals. 8vo., 21s.  
 Pattison (J.), Diseases Peculiar to Women. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Page (D.), Geology for General Readers. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Philip's Physical Atlas for Beginners. Cr. 4to., 2s. 6d.  
 Railway Library.—Shipwrecks and Adventures at Sea. Fcap., 2s.  
 Rose Sinclair, by G. Blunt. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Ruskin (J.), Sesame and Lilies. 3rd edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
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### TERM OF PURCHASE.

The land will be handed over to the Company completely levelled, with all the streets and footpaths paved, drainage complete, gas laid on, and provision made for the supply of water to the topmost stories.

As by the conditions of the treaty for the acquisition of the Joliette Estate, it is stipulated that six years should be given, by which time the estate is to be covered with houses; the option is reserved to the Company for the same period, during which it may elect either to pay the purchase-money in one sum, or to make an annual payment of equal instalments, extending over a period of thirty years, with a fixed rate of interest and sinking fund.

### PROFESSOR DONALDSON'S REPORT.

Before the treaty for this portion of the property was concluded the purchasers secured the services of Professor Donaldson (late President of the Institute of British Architects) to personally investigate the operations in progress at Marseilles, and the character and value of the sites. A copy of his report accompanies the prospectus.

### CATALANS PROPERTY ACQUIRED.

The Catalans Properties are in the immediate neighbourhood of the marine residence of the Emperor, and command a frontage to the sea of about a mile in length. They are admirably situated both for business premises and private villas.

### BUILDINGS NOW ON CATALANS ESTATE.

Many first-class houses are already erected; a magnificent hotel (now open), having 140 rooms; and the Imperial Club (now in course of construction), of noble architectural elevation, surrounded with terrace and gardens, all laid out under the government plan. There is an extensive bathing establishment, often frequented by more than 5,000 bathers daily.

This district will undergo a radical improvement when Fort St. Nicholas, which separates the Catalan property from the centre of the town, shall have been demolished, a new port constructed, and additional streets made, so as to render complete the facilities for communication between the old and new portions of the town.

The municipality of the town of Marseilles engage, at their own expense, to lay down gas, make macadamized roads, and ensure a proper water-supply for the houses.

There are in this quarter about four miles of streets from 40 to 50 feet in width which have been recently opened and lighted with gas; and the Boulevard la Corderie (72 feet in width, and lately opened for traffic) forms a continuation of the splendid promenade of the Prado.

The district communicates with the Quai de Rive Neuve, the centre of the old port and of the commerce of the town, by the Boulevard de l'Empereur. All these important facts furnish assurances of great success, and there can be no doubt that this portion of the Company's properties will be sold at a price which will yield a very large profit.

### THE PRADO PROPERTY.

The Prado Lands are near the Southern Railway station, in an admirable position, and well adapted for the establishment of warehouses, shops, &c.

With respect to the value and prospects of these properties, a report by Mr. P. Borde, the well-known engineer, of Marseilles, accompanies this prospectus, giving ample details thereon.

### AMOUNT AND PERIOD OF PAYMENTS.

The total amount of purchases is £3,325,163; of this sum £2,698,640 is payable by instalments spread over various dates, and extending in part to a period of 50 years, and only £656,523 in cash, on taking over the estates, caution money being lodged in the meantime for the due observance of the Company's engagements. It is therefore expected that, with the aid of the Company's borrowing powers, not more than £10 per share will be required on those shares not fully paid up on allotment. Thus, with a comparatively small amount of capital, the shareholders have the advantage of profit derivable from dealing with a very large extent of property.

### JOLIETTE PROPERTY RE-SOLD.

As evidence of the value of the purchases, the Directors have the satisfaction to announce that they have already concluded arrangements with an Association of Builders at Marseilles to transfer to them one of the properties (the Joliette property) at a profit of about £600,000, such property and profits to be paid for by annuities and sinking fund over a period of thirty years, with option on their part to pay for the whole at any time during five years, with an obligation on the part of the contractors to deposit a sum of four millions of francs (£160,000) as caution money at fixed periods (the first instalment of which was paid on the execution of the contract), and also to cover the property with buildings within a period of five years at their own cost.

The shareholders will have the benefit of this contract, and from October, 1867, will receive the income derivable from this contract, viz., the difference between the annuities to be paid and received by the Company, and this income joined to the existing revenue from the Catalans estate, as well as to the anticipated profit on further sales during that period, will, it is estimated, not only enable the directors to continue the payment of the interest at 10 per cent. per annum, but enable them to declare periodical bonuses on the capital called up.

As to the Catalan property, having regard to its important position, the command it has of the seaboard, the facilities it presents for construction of the new port, and its general adaptability for the formation of streets, shops, and private villas, a large and remunerative return may also be anticipated.

### ESTIMATED PROFIT ON CATALAN PROPERTY.

On reference to Mr. Borde's report it will be seen that when the various improvements which have been suggested have been completed, and the Catalan property fully developed, it is estimated to yield a gross profit of upwards of cent. per cent., and this within a period of three years, although the estimates have been based on the more extended period of five years, and that when the Fort St. Nicholas is removed, and the new port completed, this profit will be trebled.

### MINIMUM INTEREST, TEN PER CENT.

As the first payments of annuities and rent under the arrangements entered into with regard to the Joliette property do not commence until the 1st October, 1867, and become payable only in the subsequent half-year, viz., the 1st April, 1868, the directors have decided to pay interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for two years, from March, 1866, on the capital called up, and for which four interest warrants will be attached to the share certificates at the time of issue (which will be charged to land purchases account). After that date, the revenue from the Joliette lands, the rentals from the other properties, and profits on further sales, will be applicable for dividend or bonuses.

### PAYMENT OF SHARES IN FULL ALLOWED.

As some shareholders may prefer to pay up the shares in full rather than have a larger number subject to calls, application may be made for shares to be fully paid up on allotment. Four half-yearly Interest Warrants, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, will likewise be attached to these share certificates. In the allotment of shares, preference will be given to these applications, but the number so allotted will not exceed 30,000 shares; and the directors reserve to themselves the right, in their discretion, only to allot 60,000 shares in all on the present allotment.

A portion of the shares will be allotted to applicants who are shareholders in

The Credit Foncier and Mobilier of England (Limited),  
The Agra and Masterman's Bank (Limited),  
The National Bank,  
The National Bank of Liverpool (Limited),  
To applicants from Marseilles and Paris,

and the balance to the other portion of the general public.

Applications for shares may be made in the annexed form, which must be accompanied by the payment of £1 per share deposit, without which no application will be considered. Should a less number of shares be allotted than are